

COUNTRY LIFE

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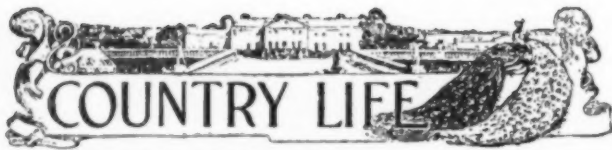
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LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY HASTINGS.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



The Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

OUR ENLARGED . . APPETITES.

PROFESSOR MIDDLETON, the President of the Agricultural Section of the British Association, is responsible for the phrase used as title for this article. In commenting upon Mr. Rew's analysis of the sources of the nation's food supply, he said that, "comparing the present with the past he thought they had now to deal with a larger appetite in the individual than there was thirty years ago." The figures go very far to prove that, and if the paper read by Mr. Rew be supplemented by a little study of the Agricultural Statistics for 1911, just issued from the Board of Agriculture, Professor Middleton's view will be absolutely confirmed. Mr. Rew has shown that we are not so absolutely dependent on foreign supplies of food as is generally assumed. His conclusion was that "the United Kingdom might be said to produce rather more than half of its total food requirements, exclusive of sugar and the beverages which might be regarded as necessities of civilised life." Anyone who will turn to page 280 of the Agricultural Statistics will find a curious confirmation of this view. An average is struck between

the years 1856-62 and contrasted with a similar period, 1905-11. In half a century the amount per head spent on imported foods has more than trebled. It was 19s. 4½d. in the earlier period and 66s. 3½d. in the later. The increase has been spread, though unequally, over every article of consumption from wheat to nuts. At the same time, the home production has also considerably increased, although there is not any exact method of measuring it. Mr. Rew reminded his audience that in 1816 the old Board of Agriculture, after making an enquiry into the extent of the country's agricultural resources, came to the conclusion that there was "an excessive glut of agricultural produce beyond the wants of the country." The alleged abundance certainly did not produce cheapness, since wheat in 1815 was 65s. 7d. a quarter, and in 1816 it was 78s. 6d.; while beef and mutton were dear in proportion. In those days the bulk of the population, that is to say, the labouring classes, were compelled to be very careful of their food supply, and, perhaps, as was suggested by Professor Middleton, the increased consumption of to-day is in part due to the fact that food is not so carefully managed in the homes of the working-men of to-day as it was then. We have seen an old man in a country village pick up the bread thrown away by the children after their luncheon hour and store it, with the remark that he and his twelve brothers and sisters had not as much white bread in a week as he could pick up from the village street after the children had their midday meal.

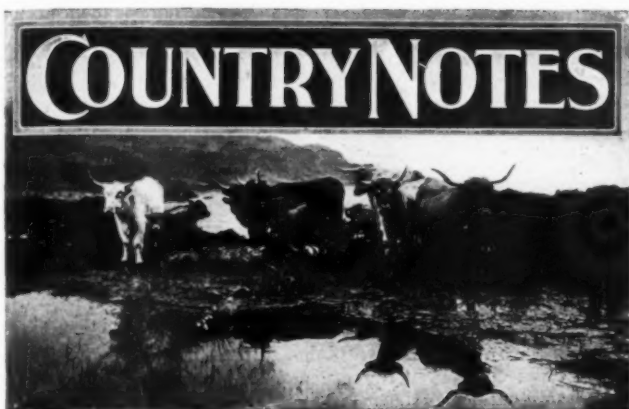
This was his way of stating a conclusion very similar to that at which the agricultural experts have arrived. The latter were certainly not alarmists, in spite of the insinuation of waste and gluttony. Mr. Rew has carefully worked out the figures, and has come to the conclusion that there is no reason to fear at present that we shall have to go short of daily bread. Ten years ago the world's production of wheat stood at 393,000,000 quarters; this year it is reckoned at 442,000,000 quarters. And Mr. Rew thinks that it may go up to 450,000,000 quarters. As we pointed out a week or two ago, this is the view taken by the experts of the United States Board of Agriculture, who prophesy times of very great plenty. They have had a bumper harvest in that country, and will easily be able to make good the deficiency created by the failure on this side. This is good reading for the average consumer; but the British farmer who can rejoice over it must be possessed of great natural self-abnegation. He has been tempted by the better prices prevalent during the last few years to extend his wheat area to a considerable degree, and in this disastrous year, if Mr. Rew and the Americans are right, the price of farm produce is not to go up, but down.

It will not be the first time in which the interests of the British farmer have been sacrificed for the good of the greater number, and we trust that the consideration will help to evoke a generous response when an appeal is made on behalf of those who have practically lost their all by the recent floods. We do not mean, of course, that farmers as a whole have been ruined. On the contrary, a large majority of them are accustomed to find life full of ups and downs, and one disastrous year is not going to ruin them, particularly as there are other branches of agriculture which show more satisfactory results. If we turn to the agricultural exports, we find that the breeding of livestock is, at any rate, flourishing. Some of the prices obtained were really remarkable. Argentina took 260 of our horses at an average price of £172; Brazil had 81, at an average of £178; Japan, 29 at £180; Russia, 182 at £109; Sweden, 13 at £250; and Uruguay, 84 at £102. It will be noticed that these are all foreign buyers; but there was a still greater demand from within the British Empire. Australia, Canada, India, New Zealand, the Cape and Natal all being purchasers from the Mother Country. A conclusion is that mixed farming in Great Britain is at the present moment a profitable industry, although it has had a very considerable rebuff. Our enlarged appetites produce a better home market than ever there was before, and as these same appetites are not only enlarged, but more educated, the demand is for better quality as well as increased quantity.

Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of Lady Hastings forms the subject of our frontispiece this week. Lady Hastings is a daughter of Lord Henry Nevill and grand-daughter of the Marquess of Abergavenny; her marriage to Lord Hastings took place in 1907.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



THE plea of Dr. Chalmers Mitchell for the preservation of fauna will awake a sympathetic echo. There is no need to repeat his unanswerable arguments in favour of it. The question is mainly, What are the effective means? Dr. Chalmers Mitchell referred to three different methods of preserving wild creatures. The first referred to those which provide sport and may therefore be classified under the head of game. Sportsmen may fairly be left to take proper measures on their own account. But the weakness of game-preservation from the natural history point of view is that it carries with it a certain amount of extermination. The man who preserves a bird or beast is inclined to destroy its natural enemies, and therefore a game-preserve is not a true sanctuary such as formed the second suggestion. A warm tribute was paid to the late Lord Salisbury, who in 1899 arranged for a convention of the great Powers interested in Africa to consider means for preserving the fauna of that continent. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell would follow up this idea by establishing reservations "which should not be merely temporary recuperating grounds for harassed game, but absolute sanctuaries." In these there should be no killing except what was rendered necessary for the welfare of the animals themselves. It would be necessary for the warden to authorise from time to time the removal of noxious individuals, the killing of diseased or unhealthy animals, the controlling of species multiplying beyond reason. Examples of such places are found in the national parks of America and Australasia.

His third suggestion was that there should be more zoological gardens. And in this connection reference was made to the efforts to start a zoological garden in Edinburgh. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell hopes that this will come into existence before many months are over, and he does not think that there is anything in the situation or climate of the Northern capital to militate against its success; while the Zoological Society of Scotland will have the very great advantage of starting where other societies leave off. Naturalists, for their own benefit as well as for other reasons, welcome every addition to our zoological gardens, because each acts as a further attraction to those who have rare animals to dispose of. At present Germany is a better market than Great Britain, because there are twenty zoological gardens in Germany to six in Great Britain. Another advantage is that where there are several gardens they are in a position to exchange animals. Some will be successful in breeding one species, some another, and they can mutually help to make each collection as complete as possible. But after saying all that he could in favour of menageries, he confessed that at their best they were not comparable to the zoological sanctuaries whose establishment he strongly advocated.

The New York Camp Fur Club claim, in a special circular, to have been instrumental in inducing Congress to pass an Act establishing complete and absolute protection for the fur-seals of the Pribiloff Islands for a period of five years. When the proposal was first mooted, it was considered that a certain number of young male, or "bachelor," seals might be annually killed without detriment to the increase of the herd, but this proposal appears to have been overruled. Even since the acquisition of the Pribiloffs by the United States the number of seals has been steadily decreasing, although it has never sunk anywhere near so low as during the latter part of the Russian occupation of these islands, when, as the result of indiscriminate slaughter, the herd was reduced at one time to 31,000 head. The Russian Government then established a close season of ten years, after which there was strict surveillance over the seals, accompanied by careful restrictions as to killing. The result

of this policy was that when the United States came into possession of the islands the number of seals had increased to nearly 4,000,000. These have now, it is believed, on a conservative estimate, been reduced to about 125,000 head.

Two hundred years ago "an ingenious gentleman of the Court" relates, as follows, the journey of Prince George of Denmark from Godalming to Petworth to meet Charles III. of Spain: "We set out by torch-light and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mud) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas hard for the Prince to sit 14 hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways that ever I saw in my life. We were thrown but once, indeed, in going, but both our coach, which was the leading, and his Highness' body-coach, would have suffered very often if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it or supported it with their shoulders from Godalming almost to Petworth, and the nearer we approached the Duke's house the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours' time to conquer them; and indeed we had never done it, if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were able to trace out the way for him. They made us believe that the several grounds we crossed and his Grace's park would alleviate the fatigue; but I protest I could hardly perceive any difference between them and the common roads." If this were the condition of "the common roads" in an ordinary season, what would it have been at that date in such a summer as this of 1912?

THE LITTLE HOUSE O' DREAMS.

In the peace of pines and heather
Stands the House o' Dreams,
Trees and water sing together
By the House o' Dreams.
Whitewashed rooms, quaint shadows showing,
Scarlet curtains gaily glowing,
Scarlet flowers all a-blowing
In the House o' Dreams.

In the peace of fair To-morrows
Stands the House o' Dreams,
Undisturbed by fears or sorrows—
Little House o' Dreams!
Silence, fragrance, firelight leaping—
Ah, my heart! a little weeping.
Then a waking and a sleeping
In the House o' Dreams.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

Rather a novel industry, and, as it seems, not at all an unprofitable one, for the emigrant to Canada, is suggested by the statement that from a fox farm established at a place of the uncomfortable name of Whycocomagh in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, three female cubs have lately been sold for one thousand six hundred pounds (not dollars). It is true these cubs are not exactly of the species beloved by Mr. Jorrocks, and styled by that eminent lecturer on hunting "the thief of the world." They are of the black fox species, and the reason of the value of the babies is, of course, that the black fox produces very precious fur. The idea of a "sable farm" is one that has often been mooted, but in the climate of Great Britain it is likely that any such idea must be considered ingenious rather than practical, for probably the good fur would not be grown except as a protection from something very like Arctic cold. But that the idea is practical enough in some climates seems to be fairly demonstrated by the above prices. Dr. Macphail, a medical man in New York, but a native of Cape Breton, started the farm; but he was not a pioneer. The fox-ranch has long ceased to be a very great rarity.

In the preliminary statement of the Agricultural Returns for 1912, which were taken on June 4th of this year, the most important fact is that the arable area has increased by over thirty-six thousand acres, and there has been a corresponding decrease in the area under permanent grass. Indeed, the figures are very much larger than those of the arable increase; but, of course, that is susceptible to an easy explanation. The increase of ploughland is due to an increased cultivation of cereals, spread over wheat, barley, oats and rye. Less satisfactory are the returns relating to livestock. Horses show a considerable diminution; the number of cattle has declined; and, unfortunately, the largest decrease has been in cows and heifers in milk or in calf. Probably, however, this may be attributed to a purely temporary cause, namely,

the great drought of last year, which made feed so scarce and expensive. The decline in the number of sheep and pigs may probably be explained to some extent in the same way.

In the report of the Development Commission for the year ending March 31st there is much to interest agriculturists. On the recommendation of the Commissioners the Treasury granted to the Board of Agriculture £80,000, being a first instalment of a total sum of £325,000 for, among other things, the support of farm institutes and the agricultural education given in connection with them. It was not found possible to help the experiments in beet-growing, because they were advised by the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade that any assistance from Government funds would be interpreted as a bounty within the meaning of the Brussels Sugar Convention, and would therefore be an infraction of treaty obligations. Seventy thousand pounds spread over ten years were provided for the encouragement of tobacco-growing in Ireland. These are parts of the useful work done by the Fund. An important question is raised in regard to its future. Many schemes have been supported that will either have to be dropped or given further support after 1916. It will be the business of Parliament to discuss very closely the work done by the Development Commission and decide as to whether the benefit to the country is sufficiently important to justify further grants.

At the end of this gloomy summer it is satisfactory to have at least one item of good news to comment upon. This is the fact that the foreign trade of August constituted a record for this country. It not only exceeded that of August, 1911, which was affected by the strikes, but also that of 1910. The previous record for a month was that of October, 1911, £43,546,303. The increase is spread over the whole of the trade, imports, exports and re-exports. In food products there has, generally speaking, been an advance both in prices and quantity. In wheat the developing sources appear to be Argentina and India, whereas Russia sent very much less wheat. Meat generally also showed an increase, both in value and quantity, but there was a considerable decline in butter and in eggs, though the latter advanced in value. Fruit fell off considerably, so did hops. The great advance in exports was in articles wholly or mainly manufactured. These are very satisfactory figures, especially if we consider the industrial trials of one kind and another through which this country has had to pass during the last two years.

Never have the crippling effects of the Death Duties been more clearly and pointedly explained than in the statement which has been made by the Hon. Irene Lawley, who inherited the Escrick Estate from her father, the late Lord Wenlock. The main source of injustice lies, she says, "in regarding the sum total valued for probate of the property bequeathed as capital, capable of paying interest on the whole of it, calculating income on a percentage of the capital." She goes on to point out that a great deal of the property, far from being a source of income, is a source of expense. The house brings in nothing, but requires £10,000 a year to keep it up, that is, to pay the house servants and maintain the families of gardeners, women and other estate workmen. The house, garden, park and extensive woods are not a source of income, nor are the plate, jewellery, pictures, furniture. These have obviously no pecuniary value unless they are sold, and if brought to the hammer no one can tell what prices they would bring. She summarises her case in the statement that when the sum that it is possible to raise immediately from the sale of property (£20,000) has been paid, the Death Duty will still claim £5,000 a year for eight years, and this takes up the whole of her personal income, which might have been £4,000 a year, and also necessitates the reduction of estate expenses. It can scarcely be considered an exaggeration when she describes as confiscation a tax "which takes all of my income and turns me out of my home."

The most interesting reflection on Professor Schäfer's presidential address is the way in which the same facts appeal to different types of mind. To Professor Schäfer an analysis of the *modus operandi* of the nervous mechanism, and the logical extension of the same methods to the higher functions of mind and the emotions, appears to satisfy him that there is nothing in the most complex psychic phenomena which cannot be explained by a sufficiently subtle and exact application of the laws of Chemistry and Physics, as they have been determined by experiment on the simpler phenomena of the inorganic world. That a man with the scientific acumen and philosophic sagacity of Professor Schäfer is willing to take his stand on this ground speaks volumes for the enormous progress made in Physiology, which has enabled it to grow up from the purely tentative

and deductive stage and take rank with the other great inductive sciences. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the very data which Professor Schäfer thinks will lead to a mechanical theory of life, and drove Haeckel to a dogmatic materialism, in the hands of other great men of science and acute thinkers like Fechner, William James and Bergson lead to a far more mystical philosophy, the idea of the universal mind expressing itself through the rhythm of matter and time.

Birnam Wood which to Dunsinane came has found a modern rival in a wood not far from Cowbridge in Glamorgan-shire. This wood has also taken to travelling. It is about two hundred yards in length and fifty in width, and we are told is moving in a dignified manner down a slope to the adjacent highway. To speak more seriously, the movement is evidently an effect of the heavy rainstorms. The earth rests on a rock foundation, and has been held together by the roots of the trees. The mass, having loosened by the continuous wet weather, is slipping downhill. One portion alone remains, its motion in all probability restrained by some hollow in the rock on which it rests. During the course of a fortnight the wood has advanced five or six feet into the roadway, and is still making progress.

THE HIGHLAND KEEPER.

No great schooling was yours they say,
Writing and reading come slow and odd;
But they search the world the widest way
To find your equal with gun or rod,
And few whose learning is great to-day
Keep your simple lore or love of God.

No great bulk or breadth of shoulder,
With weathered face and sandy hair;
But lithe as a fox mid rock and boulder,
With step as free as the wild hill air.
And still as years grow slowly older
Your ways are simple, serene, and "square."

No great skill of the English tongue,
And never a talker much from choice;
But a sight beyond where clouds have clung
To make the heart of the hills rejoice.
And where is a truer welcome rung
Than is spoke by a sad, soft, Highland voice?

M. I. HOPE.

"Over Oxford 8.13. Struck rainstorm. Very w——." Such is the last terse, pathetic, interrupted entry in the recovered log-book of Lieutenant Bettington, who, with Second-Lieutenant Hotchkiss, met his death in the terrible aeroplane accident at Oxford on Tuesday. Their names must be added to the growing list of daring and resolute soldiers whose lives have been sacrificed in the task of perfecting military flying. Within the same week two others had lost their lives at Hitchin, and there were three before that. Our sympathy and regret are deepened by the knowledge that they died, in time of peace it is true, but yet in performing high service to their country.

We heartily congratulate the *Times* on the celebration of its attainment of an issue numbered 40,000. The great newspaper, like most institutions of long standing, has had its bad moments, but on the whole has sustained such a high degree of excellence as to make Englishmen regard it as their typical journal. Its files form a daily chronicle of modern history, and its own annals tell the story of newspaper development. There has been nothing else like it in the world's Press. To-day its eye for news is still undimmed, and who would be so rash as to assert that its natural vigour is abated?

A correspondent writes to point out the extraordinarily old-fashioned way in which the Park roads are being prepared, presumably under the superintendence of the Office of Works. He gives as an instance the road between Storey's Gate and Victoria, where the camber must be a good eighteen inches, if it is not more. "Surely," he says, "in these days of motor traffic this is perfectly ridiculous. It causes side-slip and also causes the use of the centre of the road instead of the whole of the road." This is a good instance of the slowness with which the official mind adjusts itself to new conditions. In the old days of horse traffic the stress was upon the centre of the road, and the highways were built and mended with this in view. It is altogether different with the motor, which exercises pressure with its wheels, but does not disturb the centre of the road at all.

PRESERVING FOXES.



"I CAN FEEL 'EM."

THE tendency in all sports in these days is towards artificiality; a large head of game has to be provided and produced at the given time for which it is wanted. Fox-hunting, fortunately, has preserved more of its old-time character than some other sports, though in many places the conditions have changed considerably from what ruled in the past. "Fields" have greatly enlarged, and, with the extension, the responsibilities of the Master and all concerned have increased. In old days, when the comparatively small following was practically composed entirely of his neighbours and friends, the Master—probably himself a life-long resident in the country—who often owned and hunted the pack as a private one, could do much as he liked; a blank day now and then was put down to its proper cause, and the blame was more likely to be laid at the proper door, as when everyone knew everyone else, the covert of the shooting-man who was given to sacrificing the fox on the altar of the pheasant was generally known, and the owner was a marked character.

Nowadays, when half the field may be strangers, or at least only temporary residents in the country, and when many of them feel they have subscribed well towards Hunt expenses, the Master's position is a very different one. He is very likely an importation himself, possibly a young man with an ambition to show sport; he is expected to show it, and is blamed if he

does not. It goes without saying that hounds and horses must be all right, especially the former, as much sport can be got



THE TERRIERS.

on horses that may not be expensive; but certainly none can be expected with a rank bad pack of hounds. Taking this for granted, however, the next thing is a stock of foxes; in fact, I am not sure that I should not have begun with this, as the most indispensable item of all, and it is at this time that the anxiety becomes acute as to what the prospects of the coming season are likely to be.

The fox supply is possibly the most difficult question to deal with of the many connected with hunting, though it is the one of which the ordinary follower of hounds hears least; and it is a great feather in the cap of a Master when he can be sure that his foxes are sufficient in number and well distributed. What trouble has been taken to arrive at this satisfactory position only he and the few intimately connected with the Hunt know.

However popular a Master is, and however favourably hunting may be regarded in the district, there will always be a weak spot somewhere. Where this is, it is one of the many summer duties of the Master to find out, and to apply the right treatment to the spot. The trouble may arise from an over-supply of the species *vulpus*, which said over-stocking, with its attendant depredations, may threaten to turn a friend of fox-hunting into its enemy; or some enemy may have caused the death of a vixen, leaving a fine litter of cubs orphaned. Both are clearly cases calling for judicious transplanting, and, as in similar operations in connection with horticulture, the spade is called into requisition, aided, it may be, in this case by a terrier or two. In most Hunts there is at least one individual known as the "terrier man," a kind of hanger-on who keeps two or three terriers, which form his excuse for attending any meets within his range during the winter, when he manages to pick up a more or less precarious living from stray silver which may come his way for small services rendered. This individual, in some cases, I fear, gets rewards which might be more usefully bestowed upon the local labourer, and spends the same on his lifelong occupation—quenching an undying thirst; but he has his uses at times, too. Among "runners" are some thorough-born sportsmen, and should this be the case, such a one can be of great use in the event of cubs having to be removed, as his terriers can be relied upon to mark where the foxes are lying, and some of these men are very expert at digging and handling foxes when found.

I know of at least one man of this kind who will, without hesitation, reach down an earth and fumble about till he gets a good hold of a fox or foxes and bring them out without hurting them, apparently without consideration of the chances of being hurt himself. Most people are quite content to admire this part of the operation without wishing to participate. I venture also to think that men of this kind do more to perpetuate the breed of sporting terriers than a good many dog shows. "Andsome is as 'andsome does" is their motto, and show points, if considered at all, come a long way after gameness in these real "working terriers."

"CHARLIE."



A FARM FOR BOY SCOUTS

A NOVEL SCHEME AND HOW IT IS WORKED.

A NEW "back to the land" scheme for Boy Scouts has recently been initiated, with a full measure of financial support, at Wadhurst, a somewhat obscure village in the East Sussex uplands. It is a farm colony conceived on republican lines for Boy Scouts. Many in the movement have felt strongly that if the work is good, it should be looked upon as national work, and properly encouraged and supported by the State. They hold the view that when a boy becomes a Scout, the work of scoutcraft should not only be an occupation for his spare time, but should be his only work. And often they have thought what they might make of their boys if they could have them wholly to themselves for, say, the two

crucial years from fifteen to seventeen. In that time they could teach them at least one trade thoroughly and something of half-a-dozen other trades, besides giving that magnificent training in character, self-reliance and good citizenship which is the *raison d'être* of the Scout Movement. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, has been emphasising the growing scarcity of British farm-hands and the difficulties of food production at home; and as the finest conditions of soil and climate are available, he is anxious to foster in the rising generation a love for the land, and to train the lads to become expert agriculturists at home and in the Colonies.

Mr. Benjamin Newgass, a well-known City merchant, has handed over to the Boy Scouts' Association an estate called Buckhurst Place, situated about four miles from Tunbridge Wells, and containing a mansion house, farmstead and farm-buildings, together with one hundred acres of farm and woodland, the house being large enough to accommodate two hundred boys. The house was built a few years ago to suit the lavish tastes of an artistic Frenchman, and stands boldly on a hill-top five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

It is intended that the Boy Scouts, while being taught the duties of citizenship on the Baden-Powell principles and receiving the benefits of a modern curriculum, shall be trained in a variety of agricultural pursuits. Thus they are taught how to milk a cow, shoe and ride a horse, bake bread, grow fruit, keep bees, and such handicrafts as carpentry, building, leather-work and the rudiments of engineering. For proficiency in all of these subjects the usual Scout proficiency badges are awarded after the passing of

certain rather severe tests, and already the Buckhurst Place Farm Troop has every reason to look with pride to one of its members in the person of Scout Elvey Cox, who at the recent Tunbridge Wells mayoral garden-party was honoured by a special decoration. He has gained the highest order in proficiency, viz., the Order of the Silver Wolf, which denotes that the recipient has qualified in twenty-four practical subjects and has received a badge for each. The Mayor (Colonel Sladen, J.P.), who is also the treasurer of the Buckhurst Troop, made the presentation. It is only on rare occasions that a Scout has such an honour conferred upon him, and the Buckhurst Troop is naturally proud of possessing such a distinguished member.

The idea carried into effect at the farm is the establishment of a colony, which is split up into about twenty-four "patrols"

or groups of eight boys, each controlled by a "patrol leader." The governing council expect that, when the scheme has been well launched, the colony will be self-supporting, and that it will not be for long the only Scout colony. If the State does not come forward with official recognition and support, private well-wishers of the cause most certainly will, for the Boy Scout Movement has won a secure place in the national life of this, as of many other countries. By it a boy, from the age of eleven to fifteen, is trained to be manly, reliant, courageous and thoughtful of others, what time he studies his three "R's" at school and follows the usual avocations of his kind. Then at fifteen begins the real education which will fit him to fight his life's battle. At seventeen he will go out into the world, a man, confident and courageous.

The main object of the Scout farm is, of course, to keep the boys on the land. Five acres and a farm are allotted to each patrol, and with the best advice given by an expert staff the various farms are run for their own profit. The things the colony is able to produce are sold by the management every day in the public market, and each patrol keeps its own book of profit and loss, etc. Thus, from the very commencement the Scout comes face to face with the real difficulties of life. There is no playing at farming; it is all deadly earnest, and the privileges of colony life are only to be earned by hard work. The slacker pulls his patrol down and learns that his actions can never be thought of as solitary. Incidentally, he experiences the chastening effects of the moral suasion of his fellow-Scouts.

The boys, of whom there are now about fifty in residence, engage in every branch of practical agriculture, dairy-farming, poultry-farming, fruit-farming, and in addition to that the farms have been supplied with pigs, turkeys, ducks, goats and cows, so that in no part of agriculture will the boys be ignorant. A model dairy on the most up-to-date lines is an important feature of the school, and in every branch the latest methods practised in the Colonies and on the Continent are employed, so as to secure the maximum in production.

Abutting the main building are workshops, in which the boys are taught the various handicrafts already enumerated, including carpentry, smithing, farriery, book-keeping and correspondence, elementary chemistry and bacteriology.

The estimated cost of running the farm during the first three years is ten thousand pounds, including all the initial outlays. After the first three years the expenses are expected to be about two thousand five hundred pounds per annum, but these expenses will easily be met by the revenue of the republic. A thousand pounds per year is the estimate of what will be brought in from the sale of the produce, including milk, pigs and fruit. Each boy pays twenty pounds per year for his tuition and general maintenance, so that as soon as there are one hundred boys in residence considerable profits may accrue.

An important development of the scheme is the offer of continuation farms in Canada, where the boys may receive further instruction under local conditions. It is, however, expected that a large number of the boys will find places on English farms and fruit gardens; and although the purpose of the republic is imperial, it is also hoped that the lads who are sent out will do much to reinvigorate English farming.

Possibly it will be asked whether the Scouts themselves are tired of the soil dragging their weary limbs early to bed, or does the "agricultural labourer's life," often so wrongly depicted by the modern novelist, create a longing for the boys to be done with it? For reply I would ask those interested to pay a visit.

Buckhurst Place, it will be gathered, offers a wider field for training than the average agricultural college.

Had these Boy Scouts never been brought under the influence of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's wonderful scheme, they would have drifted into "blind-alley" occupations, van and messenger boys, and never have lifted up their eyes to the far horizons of lands more youthful and more hopeful than poor old England.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

FOR some time past there has been growing a fashion for writing easy, intimate memoirs on the part of those who have held high social position. Those which Lord Rossmore has written under the title of *Things I Can Tell* (Eveleigh Nash) are free from most of the faults associated with a kind of literature peculiarly adapted to convey scandal and innuendo. He does not take the slightest trouble to be discreet. His book is full of the most intimate anecdotes of people living and people dead. He tells their pet names, describes all that is most amusing in their habits and makes plentiful use of the slang of sporting circles; but it is all done with such a breezy good humour and happy carelessness that there is no need for discretion. It has the freedom of a pleasant life spent among pleasant people, where there is little cause for reticence or concealment. "Don't, Derry, don't," exclaimed Mrs. Cornwallis West, in mock alarm, when he told her about the project of taking the public into his confidence; and it is safe to say that even those who think some of the things were better unsaid will make haste to read this most amusing book. Lord Rossmore comes of a very sporting family. One of them was the well-known Lady Hester Westenra. Lord Rossmore gives a full account of her famous run with the highwayman. His father was an exception to the general rule about the family, as he did not care either for riding or racing, though keen at many other pastimes; but then, he followed one who carried both to the greatest extreme, who, in fact, had reduced himself almost to penury through racing, electioneering, hunting and cock-fighting. An idea of the author's boyhood may be given by a characteristic incident. An old lawyer of Bacchanalian habits used frequently to dine with him, and one night the two boys had been spending the time in badger-digging, and after dinner a sack containing two badgers was brought into the dining-room:

The sackful of badger then and there decided us to adjourn to Camla and see a fine fight down there. Old Joe was very intoxicated, and he walked down the hill with such a series of zig-zags that it was more reminiscent of the deck of a steamer on a rough night than a peaceful peregrination on terra-firma. Anyhow he managed to reach Camla, and when we were all settled round prepared to watch the fight, the badgers and dogs were let loose, and the fun commenced.

Old Joe manifested the greatest interest as the fray waxed fiercer and fiercer, but his interest was not so powerful as the liquor he was carrying and he fell right in the middle of the combatants, and, once down, he couldn't get up. All we could see was Joe's inert form with any number of dogs running over it,

snapping and yapping after the two badgers, who doubtless thought they were in for an obstacle race with a vengeance.

In those days he was familiarly known as "Darry" all over the country-side, and admits that he had earned a "rapid" reputation. In fact, he quotes a young woman's exclamation, "Sure and ye're Masther Darry. Well, well, I've always heerd tell that ye're an obleegin' blackguard!" After entering the Monaghan Militia he used to save up his spare cash and go to Dublin, where he was elected to the United Service Club. With characteristic recklessness,

one morning, soon after my election, I swaggered into the smoking-room with another brat in the Militia, and as the waiter didn't answer the bell immediately, I turned to my friend and said loudly, with all the assurance imaginable:

"They never *do* answer the bells in this blank pot-house."

General Browne had been eyeing the pair of us with silent, but marked disapproval, and my remark put the clincher on him. He just "lepped" at me, his face crimson, his sound arm raised, and his brogue tree-men-jous.

"You d——d young villin!" he shouted. "How *dar* you call my club a pot-house. D——n your eyes, you blasted baby."

These are very fair specimens of his personal memoirs. Occasionally he gives us the original of a story that has done duty. It was, for instance, his father who, after an ultra-conivivial evening, sat down on the pavement, his back supported by a friendly lamp. His brother tried to get him up. "I'm not such a fool as you take me for: I'm *waiting*," he replied, gripping the lamp-post with one arm, and on being asked for what he was waiting, he waved his "disengaged" arm with a sweep which took in the whole of Dublin City. "Can't you see all these houses going round and round? I'm only waiting here for my lodgings to come, and then I'll just pop in." The story got into the comic papers, but, as far as we know, this is the first time in which it has been given a local habitation and a name. Lord Rossmore has not much reason to complain of this, because he incorporates in his narrative some pretty old chestnuts, like the story of the fop who stopped a dog-fight, which belongs, if we remember rightly, to the author of "Rab and his Friends." Many of the stories relating to himself and his friends have found some kind of publicity before, so that the reader finds himself often in a sort of echoing cavern, where he is not always sure if the voices be authentic or long resounding. It would take a very long time to separate the new from the old. But this circumstance does not seriously interfere with the enjoyment of the book. Most of the tales stand retelling.

There are many pleasant passages in which King Edward VII. makes his appearance as a genial humorist, and, indeed, the Royal circle exhibit the same delightful faculty. One of the best anecdotes was told by the Duchess of Connaught, whom Lord Rossmore and a friend had been trying to amuse after dinner with some funny stories:

"Well, Lord Rossmore," said she, "I think it is my turn to try to relate something funny, so I'll tell you what happened to the Duke and myself coming up here. At every station where the train stopped a porter came to our carriage with a foot-warmer and at last the Duke got so annoyed that, forgetting the same thing had occurred all down the line, he said to the man: 'Go away, I've told you three or four times already that I won't have a foot-warmer.'"

"Ach, Duke darlin', don't be angry," answered the porter. "Sure an' it's stone cold."

The most riotous bit of fun in the book is not unconnected with King Edward. Lord Rossmore had got himself into a scrape for a letter written to a married woman "which her husband did not read in the platonic spirit it was intended to express." Lord Rossmore duly apologised and seems to have behaved perfectly over the affair; but let him tell the rest of the story in his own inimitable way:

One afternoon I was having tea with a friend in her sitting room at Claridge's when the forbidden fair one came in unexpectedly.

It was a really awkward predicament and of course to speak or not to speak was the question which instantly presented itself, but the lady solved the difficulty herself, by saying to me, "Hullo, Derry, what are you doing here?"

"Hullo," I replied somewhat lamely, "fancy seeing you."

"Well," she answered, "as I am here, suppose you give me a kiss to celebrate our meeting."

"Oh no," I said, "certainly not, I think I'd better leave trouble behind me," and with that I made for the door. But the lady was before me and with a laughing "No you don't," she turned the key and slipped it inside her bodice. Then she commenced to chase me round and round the room for all she was worth, but just as the fun waxed fast and furious, and her friend was in fits of laughter, a knock was heard at the door. We took no notice, and continued our romping, but the knock was repeated in a peremptory manner and my hostess turned pale and almost fell on the sofa.

"Heavens," she gasped. "I had entirely forgotten that the Prince of Wales was coming here this afternoon. That must be His Royal Highness outside the door. Quick, Derry, unlock it at once." But she reckoned without the key, which had, in the scrimmage, slipped down into a somewhat ungetatable place and required a great deal of trouble to secure it.

The knocking continued and words cannot describe how we felt, but at last the efforts of the ladies were successful. The key was found, the door unlocked, and in walked the visitor, who was, as surmised, the Prince of Wales.

I think we all looked very foolish, and no wonder. There was the room topey-turvey, books and papers on the floor, chairs upset, curtains disarranged—in short, a regular bear garden, and the ladies looked flushed and dishevelled.

The forbidden one hastily took her departure, and my hostess made some excuse and left me alone with the Prince.

The Prince of Wales on this occasion acted with his usual tact and justified Lord Rossmore's opinion that there has never lived anyone so capable of saying and doing the right thing at the right moment. Many of these things were also exceedingly kind. At the same time, he was very strict on some points. Here is an example:

An incident occurred on this day which serves to show what a great stickler the late King was about the proper "get up" for the races. By some oversight I was not wearing the silk hat demanded by etiquette, and this was at once observed by the Prince, who looked at me critically from top to toe, and then said, half in jest and half in reproof: "Well, Rossmore, have you come r-r-ratting?"

The book is gay and irresponsible. Lord Rossmore flits from topic to topic in the most inconsequent manner, but it is as good-natured as can be, and is very accurately described by the author as an *olla podrida* of an Irishman's memories.

THE CHARMS OF PARIS.

Sensations of Paris, by Rowland Strong. (John Long.)

My Parisian Year, by Maude Annesley. (Mills and Boon.)

MR. ROWLAND STRONG has given an inadequate title to his book. The word "sensations" might suggest that he was dealing with the thrilling episodes dear to the evening paper. As a matter of fact, he is writing a very thoughtful and charming volume which conveys to us the very spirit of the French capital. He deals with the panorama and colour, the odours and shadows and voices of Paris, interspersed with such curiously fresh and appealing studies as "A Parisian Marriage," "The Wild Flowers of Paris" and "A French Soldier's Mother." It will surprise many to hear one who knows his Paris so well saying that her colouring is less rich and varied than that of London. "Her colours have less 'body,' if one may be permitted to borrow that expression from the wine-cellar, though it would be erroneous to say that they have less quality. They are less impersonal. Paris in her general attitude is far more anecdotal than London. The anecdotal, the talkative element is discernible in her colour." It is difficult to show by a single brick how a house is built, and this little passage may sound arbitrary when not read beside its persuasive context. Those who do not know Paris, and those who have long been familiar with every street and house, will be equally pleased with this very happy book.

Maude Annesley writes lightly and almost flippantly about impressions of the city which have been almost all favourable. She is more concerned with people than with places, and the only serious fault she has to find with the national character is that it contains more than a suspicion of insincerity. She

is most at home in telling us about the racing and the restaurants, the children and the servants, the street sellers, the students, the theatres and music-halls of the town. She does not go very deep, but is always vivacious and amusing.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

Remittance Billy, by Ashton Hilliers. (Methuen.)

THE hero of Mr. Ashton Hilliers' novel is a sportsmanlike youngster whose fortunes the appreciative reader will follow with considerable and unflagging interest. When, in a moment of urgency, Lieutenant Wilbraham Winterbourne, son of Abraham Winterbourne, banker, signs his father's name to a cheque and forthwith acquaints his parent with the act by letter, he does not realise the full enormity of such a proceeding. It is left to his step-brother, Samuel, whose business sense has not known the stultifying impress of a public school and a sub-lieutenancy in the Army, to point out to Billy and an outraged, but tempted to be lenient, Abraham the full measure of such an offence. Billy's explanatory letter, by a humorous turn of fate, not forthcoming, the culprit—dazed and horrified by his father's attitude—is tried, judged and condemned out of hand. Hustled from the country, he becomes the Remittance Billy of the title, to emerge—after a series of more or less amazing adventures—not one whit the worse for an injustice which the traditions of his training and the finer possibilities of a lovable but inarticulate personality have turned to good account in the making of his character. There is breadth and tolerance and strength of characterisation in this excellent novel.

From the Valley of the Missing, by Grace Miller White. (Hutchinson.)

THERE is abundance of action in this story, and complications innumerable; these begin to declare themselves at an early stage in the narrative, and go on merrily accumulating—with an astounding fertility of imagination—almost to the story's close. Given two choice ruffians of the squatter class, kidnapped twins, two cases of adoption and a brace of lawyers, and the story that emerges is bound to seize upon the attention, if it overtakes the powers of credulity. Casting probabilities to the winds, the reader eager for diversion will find this a rattling good tale, despite the combination of banality and realism it lightly heartedly presents.

The Wind Among the Barley, by M. P. Willcocks. (Mills and Boon.)

THOUGH quite interesting and rounded off here and there with slight clever touches that betray a capacity in the author for better things, this book is far below the level of Miss Willcocks' other work. There is no consecutive story; the matter consists of a series of loosely gathered together "impressions" of the varied folk who make up the little township of Larkbeare and the places round about. That they have their charm is undeniable; it is that charm—of a superstitious, shrewd, honest, yet not altogether dependable community—that lures the reader on. But he knows, when the book is laid down, that it is just a slight thing, thrown off in a bye-time and not asking for serious consideration.

Tales of the Open Hazard, by Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Mills and Boon.)

THERE are five short stories in this volume, and upon them all lies a glamour of old-world romance. The first, "The Three Who Met," is a quiet study in characterisation. Its hero, a broken-down gentleman almost at the end of his resources, assaulted and robbed in a lonely North Country inn, is accused of the murder of which his unknown assailant is guilty, and is sentenced to death. With calculated restraint Mr. Sutcliffe discloses Anthony Vane's indifference to his fate—in contrast to the growing anxiety of those who have interested themselves in his case—and, out of simple material, fashions an appealing romance. "The Duellist" is perhaps the best thing in the book, again a study in characterisation, but drawn with a firmer hand. Its subject is Richard Lambert, of Quaker stock, a man of proven courage, whose known disinclination to engage in a duel brings down upon him a woman's sharp scorn. Refusing to be piqued into accepting Miss Landale's challenge, the time yet comes when of his own accord, against his principles, Lambert gives her a greater proof of his courage than that she had desired of him.

Golden Vanity, by Maisie Bennett. (Mills and Boon.)

THE earlier part of this first novel shows the greater promise. Its descriptions of child-life in a charity school and its shrewd comments upon, and insight into, the child mind strike a note of truth that sets aside any accusation of exaggeration. The girl, Jeannette Pierce, whose story begins in an orphanage and eventually embraces a wider environment when she attains success in musical comedy and pantomime, is a character with whom we have little sympathy, though we follow her fortunes with considerable interest. These are varied. We are taken behind the scenes and find it rather dull; so also is Donald Scott, the hero, a conventional figure and colourless. Yet Miss Bennett's book, though too detached in tone, has held our interest; she has struck out boldly and, if her effects are sometimes crude, her sincerity of intention is always apparent.

A Wilderness Wooing, by W. Victor Cook. (Methuen.)

WHEN Arnold Firie returns to England after exciting business with the French and Dutch in the Low Countries, he does not anticipate the appropriation by his kinsman, the Earl of Vane, of the affections of the woman he has loved. Following upon the news of the marriage of Marjorie Ruthven comes word of the secretly projected arrest of his cousin by the King's guards. Tempted to leave the other to his fate, Firie yet eventually makes an effort to smuggle the husband and wife across the Channel, to be attacked by Vane in a moment of jealousy. In the struggle Vane is washed overboard; and Firie and the Countess, after considerable hardship, picked up by the Grace de Dieu, proceed to Quebec, whither, with a cargo of Frenchwomen bound for the marriage market there, the ship is heading. Suspected by Marjorie as responsible for her husband's drowning, Firie finds himself seriously handicapped in his attempts to protect her from the too pressing attentions of Lieutenant Lafitte and André Michel, the latter an incredible scoundrel who, after their arrival in Quebec, continues to molest her and to threaten the safety of Firie himself. Stirring are the adventures through which the pair are brought by Mr. W. Victor Cook before endurance and devotion meet with their reward, and a happy ending rounds off fittingly a right moving tale.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

A LAME DUCK.

BY
ANGELA GORDON.



"THERE'S some folk as do say the milk of human kindness is turning sour," observed Mrs. Hesmondhalgh over the pea-shelling; "not to mention running short likewise. But I'm not one as holds with that contrarious and most unchristianlike opinion myself. 'That's a cow,' I says, 'you may mark my words, as will never run dry,' I says. Running short, is it, in-deed! Hoity-toity! Running to waste's a more likely tale, to my mind."

Now, there's Nancy Proctor as was, up to Hothersall's. Happen you've met Nancy, as washed four days in the week for Manor House—a fine upstanding figure of a woman, she is, with hair so twinkling bright as a brass jam-pan and a great large braid of it so thick as your top arm, and never a grey hair to it, no, not for the looking; and her fifty-three come Michaelmas; and her cheeks so rosy red as a beet, almost; and a bosom as would mother twins easy and take no harm—and never one little, small infant-child of her own to lie there and all along of this milk of human kindness as she's so brimful of and running over. A wonderful soft-hearted woman she is, for sure, is Nancy!

I mind her when she was a little tot so high as your knee, and couldn't abear to kill a fly. Always a-comforting and a-cossetting she was, with her little small arms round something or other. Happen it was a sick dog or a pussy-cat as had lost her kittens, or a lame duck. I mind the day she fixed up the old green drake's crookety leg, with two bits of sticks and a twist of darning-wool, so neat a job as ever you did see, and him quacking all the time that proud and pleased, you would have laughed. A real handy little maid she was, and that good and sweet-tempered there were some as shook their heads and said the Lord would be fetchin' of her early. But it was Lucy-Ann as He fetched. She was a righteous little maid, too, was Lucy-Ann, but not near so helpful as Nancy, and always a bit cheery and quiet-like. They were the lovin' pair of sisters as ever I saw in my born days, and a fair treat it was to watch 'em playing together. Never a cross word between them, nor never a black look, nor never the littlest slap, year in year out. It did you heart good, for sure.

So they grew up so peaceful as two peas in a pod, and Nancy she was promised to Isaac Hothersall up to Lane Ends Farm, and Lucy-Ann to Daniel Stirzaker as was sole child to Widow Stirzaker, the most untidy, feckless widow woman as ever baked bread. Eh, but she was a senseless, silly piece, was Widow Stirzaker, and that aggravating, with her obstinate, wasteful ways. But there! she's gone this many a long year, poor shiftless soul, and it's not for me to be sitting in the seat of judgment as is the Lord's place to Himself, and time enough when He thinks fit.

Now, Isaac Hothersall as was promised to Nancy was just the uprightest God-fearing man as ever your heart could wish, so sober as an old crawly snail and so innocent as a little small infant-child. A wonderful patient man he was also, and sang in church choir so sweet as an angel; they'll be main glad to prepare a hearty welcome for him in the New Jerusalem when his time comes, for it's not many as can lift up their voices in praise so loud and sweet as Isaac. But Daniel Stirzaker as was promised to Lucy-Ann was the queerest fish as ever stepped in shoe-leather. A late-comer he was, and a mort of trouble in the rearing. Cry, cry, cry—that was the way with him. He'd see things in his sleep and scream fit to burst; and he'd sit up in the hayloft by his lonesome, a-mooning and moping and jabbering to himself, like as if he were a dozen. A most unnatural child he was. And that clever, there was never no getting beforehand with him. Too clever by half he was, was Daniel, and a most surprising heap of book-learning to him. Why, he'd read a book through from start to finish afore you could say Jack Robinson almost. And he'd look up at you sudden like and say the queerest odd things as would give you a regular turn. There wasn't much as Daniel Stirzaker couldn't do when he put his mind to it. No. You may believe me! Painting, now; many's the pretty picture he made when he was no more than a bit of a lad; wonderful lifelike they'd be, too. Why, he'd paint little small cows so as you could hear 'em moo, all but. Poetry likewise: a wonderful neat hand he wrote, did Daniel. Lucy-Ann she'd sit many an hour of a Sunday a-listening to him quite excited like, with her tears all ready for dropping in her two eyes. It was that

lovely and that sorrowful, the way he wrote. But he was always an uneasy pernicky one, was Daniel; always for off, from a baby up. He couldn't abide Little Chipping-above-Alston, and one day off he goes with never so much as a by-your-leave. And presently a long letter come to Lucy-Ann. From London it was. Oh, it was the amazin' strange place on the face of the earth, he said, all comings and goings and no end to it, and the shops that full of things you were fair mazed with looking at suchlike splendours, he said, and he'd set up to be a real poet as wrote in a printed paper, and he'd be making a fortune quick, he said, for sure, and they'd be wed and live in London all the days of their life. But Lucy-Ann she'd set her heart on a little small cottage up to Lane Ends, with a scrap of garden and a hen-run, for she was wonderful fond of chickens; and she cried her eyes out over that same letter, she did. And if you'll believe me, never there come no other from Daniel Stirzaker. It was like as if he'd forgotten Lucy-Ann clean out of his mind. And happen he had. They do say as real poets are queer fish, and I'm not one to gainsay it.

But Lucy-Ann she was not for forgetting Daniel so surprising easy, she wasn't, the poor lamb. Always a bit cheery she was, as I've told you, and likely for ailing when the winter come around, and Nancy she couldn't hearten her up not anyways, try and better try so well as she might. And Isaac Hothersall he'd come and sing of an evening so cheery as a great bird, but she was that droopy there was no doing no good with her at all. Just pecked and pined, did Lucy-Ann, and couldn't take her food so as to keep a sparrow alive. Doctor he come and he said: 'She'll never see another spring,' he said; and no more she did. Laid her away in the ground, they did, 'longside of her little small brother as died with the measles, and Nancy Proctor, you didn't see her a-smiling for many a long day after, for all she was such an amazin' gladhearted woman.

That's a wonderful fine pod, now! Eleven peas to it, and all of them so green and fleshy as ever I saw an eating pea in my life.

Happen it was ten years after Lucy-Ann went, and there was talk of putting up the banns for Nancy and Isaac Hothersall, when Daniel Stirzaker come home again. Never a word he'd said nor ever a word he'd written all those years, and Widow Stirzaker in her grave and all. Home he come, all tumbled together like, and so shabby and woebegone a figure as you never would believe. A pretty fortune he'd made, for sure! Never a shilling to bless himself with, hadn't Daniel that day, nor never a clean shirt to his back, him as was always that finicky and particular. Walked he had so far as from Stafford, and holes in his shoes the size of a crown-piece, and him limping that footsore and weary you could have cried. Straight he goes to Proctor's with never a thought for his mother as was dead and gone this many a year and her heart fair aching for the sight of him; and he knocks at the door very soft and gentle. Nancy Proctor she was sat by the fire for a jape with an old aged aunt as she'd taken to look after and cosset when as her father went, and a little small lad as had hurt his head with falling off of a damson-tree, and his mother, as she set and foreset with seven to feud for and another coming back that didn't truly know which way to turn to see to him if it hadn't been for Nancy.

Well, she opened the door, and there was Daniel Stirzaker as large as life and twice as natural, all scroodled up and pinched like. Fair capped she was to see him so, you may depend upon it. 'I've come back, Lucy-Ann,' he says all shaking; and just one look she looked at him and saw his poor face as Lucy-Ann loved so pecked and wan as a starved sparrow, and 'Come your ways right in, Daniel,' said she, and put her two arms around him so tender as his very own mother and kissed him hearty on the cheek, and she never let on as she wasn't Lucy-Ann by no manner of means. A wonderful soft-hearted woman she always was! And she set him down by the fire and tended his feet as were all blistered and bleeding. He was so weak and gentle grown as a little small child. And next she took his rags of things off of him, she did, and tucked him up snug in her own bed, for all she was a maid, and fed him careful and slow. Spoon-fed he had to be for many a long day, his stomach was that contrary grown. Lucy-Ann he kept a-calling her, and Lucy-Ann he would have it as she was, and she

couldn't never find it in her heart to set him straight. And there for sure he abode in Nancy's little cottage, and him not able to do a hand's turn for himself, no, not so much as to pare a potato. But Nancy she toiled cheerful for three, being a great strong woman as never gave in nor met troubles halfway, and when the old aged aunt went, things come a bit more easy.

Then Isaac Hothersall he would have wed Nancy as had been promised to him fifteen years, but Nancy she said 'No,' very firm, she said, 'For it's my own kith and kin as must come first,' she said, meaning thereby Daniel Stirzaker as should have been her sister's lawful husband. And Isaac Hothersall for all that he was poorly to have a woman about the place yet was he a wonderful patient man as kept himself from vain desiring. So Daniel Stirzaker abode by Nancy as he took for Lucy-Ann, and Isaac he abode up to Lane Ends Farm by his lonesome, a-waiting most

amazing patient. And Daniel he had no more wits to him hardly than the babe unborn, but the life was in him most surprising strong. Fifteen years he did last for sure, and Nancy so gentle and loving with him all that while as it was a cheering sight to see. Poetry he'd say to her as nobody ever heard the like of for pure nonsensicalness, and there! She'd clap him on the back all a-smiling and she'd say, 'Bravo! Daniel,' like as if it was wonderful good stuff. And when he went she cried like as if he'd been her brother born.

Thirty years she'd been promised to Isaac Hothersall, and many's the bonny babe she's dandled in her arms, but never a one of them all her own flesh, being pretty well on in years, as you may say, the day they were wed.

And a mortal pity it do seem, for sure, and her so motherly a soul as ever you shall find on the face of this earth, but I suppose it was like to be."

RED DEER AND THEIR WAYS.

DEER-STALKING was my first love and, with one exception, it will be my last. The gods have favoured me beyond my deserts; I have wandered amid untrodden ways and seen many and strange animals in their native wilds. And yet I know that it is quite illogical and unreasonable, for, so far as the actual sport is concerned, Scottish deer-stalking is beaten on almost every point. Yet logic is not everything. Many lands can show scenery framed on a far more lofty and awe-inspiring plan, more terrific and more sublime than any within these islands—the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, the steep hill slopes of New Zealand, the jungles, plains and hills of India and Africa, the tremendous and aloof mountain ranges of Central Asia, are world-famed. Our tiny hills and shallow valleys are nothing to them, yet in no country in the world is it possible to revel in such tender colourings and vivid contrasts as in Scotland. Well was it likened by a great artist to a wet pebble. No country in the world can so wrap itself about your heart. It may be that in the very minuteness of its size lies the gist of the matter, for the heart of man is finite and capable of grasping only that which lies within a circumscribed area. I will even admit that the chasing of the wild deer is but a poor parody of the "real thing," that it is an artificial product of an artificial age. We have all been born too late. Charles St. John has crossed the last march of all, and we can no longer go a-hunting the muckle hart across half Scotland with never a thought of trespass, vengeful keepers and the lock-up. These are not the good old days, and if they were we should find something to grumble at.

Deer-stalking is artificial. There are few things nowadays which are not. The deer are artificially fed; we none of us live under natural conditions. We go to the far beat in motor-cars, but we have to be back for dinner at eight o'clock. Artificial marches have to be observed; an artificial bill waits for the hapless tenant at the season's end; and artificial horns not infrequently adorn artificial baronial halls. The whole thing, when you consider it in cold blood, reeks of artificiality; but we live in an artificial age, so for Heaven's sake let us make the best of it. He must be a poor creature who cannot forget such things with a day in the forest before him. The burn sings in the valley, the grouse calls from the moor, and in the grass-clad corrie lies a herd of deer! What does anything matter at such a moment! In the evening, of course, if you happen to have made a mess of things and sent the finest stag you ever saw over the march, it is a different matter. Everything is black, and deer-stalking the poorest thing in a poor world. Failures, wretched as they are, may prove the best teachers, and from them we may learn more than from any success. Even on a blank day there is sure to be much that will delight and

repay the observer; something that will come in useful on some future occasion.

"The dun tenants of the waste," as old Scrope called them, are beautiful even in repose; but it is that wonderful slashing trot which has captured the hearts of so many. Just as the grouse is associated with the great velvety purple banks of heather, so is the red deer the rightful owner of the rock-sprinkled corries, with his fine, free-moving action and his royal mien. Though no warrantable stag were seen at all, the corries and hills are always there. Your true stalker is always a lover of the beautiful, and but few of them resemble the Englishman who, on visiting a forest for the first time and being asked what he thought of the scenery, replied, "Oh! I couldn't see any for mountains!" Perhaps the most interesting time to see a herd of deer is in October. They are, as is well known, great fighters, and, when with the hinds, a stag leads a pretty strenuous life. His attention is continually occupied. I doubt if a big beast with a large number of hinds gets any sleep at all for days, one might almost say weeks, on end. Watchful rivals are for ever hanging on the flanks of his harem ready to dash in and cut out a stray hind or two if their master's alertness is relaxed for a moment. Towards the end of October, worn to skin and bone, with bloodshot eyes, completely exhausted, he can no longer display his former activity, and smaller beasts may evade his weakened fury. Early in the year, when their horns are soft, stags will frequently spar and fight with their fore legs. Mr. Millais and I were watching the deer at Warnham one hot afternoon, and two big stags were at it the whole time, standing up and cutting at each other, subsiding for a bit, and then up again on their hind legs, ears laid back, ready for another sparring bout. They were greatly irritated by the flies, which trouble deer very much when their horns are growing. Hinds have vicious little encounters also, and strike at each other in the same manner, looking the personification of evil temper. If hustled over rough country, or when a herd has been alarmed and they are jostling each other, it is quite common to see them act thus. Stags will use their forefeet in the spring also, after they have shed their horns, though I fancy they do not inflict any very serious damage on each other. Tame stags are very dangerous pets; but on one occasion some tame hinds I used to know well attempted to attack two ladies with their fore feet. Mr. Millais records an instance of a hind going for an eagle which

had alighted near her calf; and a stalker at Glencarron told me he had seen one of these birds round up a lot of stags "like a dog with sheep," when he dashed into the middle of them and drove a young stag of nine stone or ten stone down the hill. He struck him about the ribs with his wings, knocked him right over, and then, strange to say, flew off. On another occasion an eagle



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A BABY STAG A FEW HOURS OLD.

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RED DEER IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS.

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singled out a stag and pursued him in the same manner. The stag roared with fear, but eventually managed to get into a birch wood and brushed off his pursuer. Roe, too, use their fore legs; and many must have seen Mr. Steel's drawing in that never-failing volume, "British Deer and Their Horns," depicting a doe defending herself against dogs. A keeper with whom I once got into conversation in the train told me he had found a small fawn asleep in some bracken, which he caught. It cried loudly, and while lifting it up he received a violent blow on the back.

Turning, he saw a doe and a second fawn. The former had struck at him a downward, slashing blow with her fore leg, which slit his coat open and nearly knocked him down. She did not attempt any further hostilities, but kept running round at a distance, displaying every symptom of alarm and fear until her offspring was released. I have never come across an instance of roe using this method of attack against one of their

own kind, though it is common against dogs. A stag I heard of had a great hatred of these animals, and used to attack any shepherd's dog he saw, and killed more than one.

By far the most sporting and popular method of killing deer is by stalking. Driving is occasionally resorted to, and though a well-managed drive—very seldom seen—is a pretty sight, too many wounded animals are often the result for it to be regarded as anything but a last resort. Formerly coursing was much in vogue among the great nobles, and though the late Lochiel confessed to having indulged in a surreptitious hunt, there is only one forest that I know of where the sport has been practised as a regular thing of recent years. The coursing took place on two plateaux, the hounds being in couples at different points, a fast, light beast to bay the deer and a heavier dog to pull him down. The movements of the stag which it was intended to hunt were signalled by a stalker in advance, and when the animal moved into such a position that



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IN THE HIGHLANDS.

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the hounds would see him first, they were loosed. Sometimes it happened that as many as six hounds were after one stag, though this was not usual, but transpired from the necessity of keeping the course within the march. Once having picked their beast, the hounds would run him right through a herd of deer, though they would hunt a wounded in preference to a cold stag. It is very severe on the hounds. The average course extended to about two miles, and a really first-class dog would pull down his quarry unaided. From a spectacular point of view, this sport is easily first, but it is to be feared that, under present conditions, it can never become popular. It is not every forest which is adapted to it, and your neighbour would scarcely appreciate the beauty of the sight if, in the

at a slow, measured gait, and holding their bushes in front of them as screens, gradually surrounded the kangaroos. The 'roos, all unconscious of their danger, continued to feed and play, alternately stooping to nibble at the grass and herbage, and rising to look round at their fellows.

The blacks, one at a time, silently left the scrub and entered the clearing. Some half-dozen had stationed themselves at various points before the 'roos seemed to realise that danger was close at hand. As if with one accord they raised themselves to their full height and stared at one of the blacks who had evidently made a slight noise or had been caught in the act of moving on a few feet. Every man remained motionless, in exactly the same position he was when the kangaroos



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A FOREST JOUST.

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middle of a stalk, a stag and a couple of deerhounds dashed wildly through the middle of his ground, scattering the deer in all directions.

FRANK WALLACE.

AN ABORIGINAL . . . KANGAROO-HUNT.

ONE afternoon, after a day among the cattle, I was accompanying the head-stockman of Euloowirree (Cooper's Creek, South-West Queensland) back to Station, when we came upon a whole tribe of blacks preparing for a great kangaroo-hunt. One of the aboriginals had discovered fresh kangaroo tracks along the banks of the creek, and had been sent off to reconnoitre. Following the tracks through the scrub for perhaps a mile, the black had come to a clearing, where some twenty 'roos were feeding and playing among themselves. As we rode up the scout returned with the information that there was plenty of kangaroo meat to be had for the killing. Sending a couple of the gins back to the camp with the results of their fishing operations, the rest of the tribe set out for the clearing. The men in the lead walked slowly, so as not to get too far ahead of the gins, who were occupied in cutting branches and bushes to be used in the hunt. The blacks could not, or would not, understand that if they helped they would make better progress. But the poor gin is always the worker; the man never lowers himself to be anything but a warrior and a hunter. As the tribe neared the clearing, the gins came up and handed the bushes to their respective lords. Keeping to the shelter of the trees and scrub that fringed the open space, the blacks, moving

looked up. The 'roos, seemingly reassured, once more made an onslaught on their feed, which allowed the other blacks, about nine, to get into the clearing unperceived. The old king, "Nullamanny," who was one of the first to reach the clearing, remained in a crouching position while the others advanced. Suddenly, with a frightful yell, he threw aside his bush cloak, and rushed forward, bringing down a magnificent "old man" 'roo with his seven-foot spear at a distance of about forty yards. The king's yell was the signal for the others to throw down their disguises, and as they all rushed in, hurling their terrible weapons, the frightened and confused kangaroos boxed together in a heap, one after another falling as it received the jagged spear. About half the 'roos escaped, more than one black being tumbled over in their mad leaps. Those animals that were not killed outright were promptly knocked over the heads with the waddies. I shall never forget the appealing, pathetic look in their eyes as they lay kicking in their death agonies, with the spears still sticking in their bodies. Several "does" (females) died with their young in their pouches, where they had ensconced themselves long before old "Nullamanny's" drawn-out yell had died away. When the slaughter was complete the king gave orders for dinner to be got ready. The gins, as usual, did the work. Using spears and long sticks, they dug five shallow oblong holes, about three feet long by one and a-half feet wide. In the holes they laid small stones, as flat as could be found, and on these they piled dead grass and wood. This was fired, and the fires were stoked until the holes were natural ovens. As the stones in each hole got hot enough, a kangaroo was dumped in, the small size of several of the ovens necessitating the legs, tail and neck being twisted round. On top of the bodies was piled more grass and wood, and stones were thrown on to keep

the heat after the wood had burned. While the gins were looking after the "steaming" operations the men gathered grubs from tree roots.

As soon as the first 'roo was sufficiently cooked, it was taken out of the oven, and the whole of the blacks crowded round and started on the feast. The taste of the flesh

only whetted their appetite and they pulled out a couple more, neither of which was quite cooked. But they ate them with relish. The carcasses were cut up with the spears. The entrails and the dry, bony fore-quarters were thrown to the waiting gins and such of the dogs as had been allowed to accompany the warriors.

WALTER KILROY HARRIS.

THE HOODED CROW.

"AY, it's a hoodie, right enough, Ma'am," replied our gillie, in answer to a question respecting a dark speck that was slowly winging its leisurely way across the blue sky, flecked but here and there with wisps of white cloud.

My friend and I turned and watched the bird until it had quite vanished, and then let our eyes travel back to the surface of this landlocked sheet of water which so faithfully reflected the intense blue above it. Here and there a wave breaking with a crest of white foam relieved the even sheet of colour, while at the margin there was a line of white, where the mimic breakers hurled themselves against a line of great grey, lichen-grown boulders that reared their heads in defiance of wind and waves. The shore in other parts showed the bright green of sphagnum moss where bog and water met, but beyond both moss and boulders came the even brown tint of the short heather and wiry grass nibbled close by the deer and sheep. In the distance there were purple hills, and, yet further off, the blue-grey cloudy shadows of more hills with a faint green line at their foot that indicated the open sea; for those most distant hills of all were part of the Island of Skye, and we were fishing on a loch in North Uist. The Atlantic breeze came tearing round, for there was nothing but a few bare hills between us and the open ocean, and drove the mimic breakers with yet greater energy against the shore and the rocky islands that dotted the loch, even causing our boat to roll with quite a worthy resemblance to the waves of the open sea.

I turned and looked more carefully at the different islands; some were nothing but bare points of rock just peeping out of the water, but one or two were bigger, and were covered with a growth of quite tall heather and grass. In this treeless and bushless country these would be the spots where the birds' nests might be found, for here at any rate they would be able to obtain some protection.

"Do you think that hooded crow has a nest near here?" I asked, turning to the old man; but he shook his head.

"No, too late; he nests much earlier!" was the reply.

"But it's only May now; the nest might have young ones in it," I retorted.

"Ay, but he's ver' early," was again the answer; but even as the gillie uttered the words there came flying overhead the bird under discussion, and so obviously anxious was its manner that I exclaimed:

"I am sure it's got a nest somewhere near—we'll go and explore the islands. They do nest on such places, don't they?" I added.

"Ay, they do, but ye'll no find a nest, Ma'am."

However, I stuck to my point, and we were soon being pulled towards the nearest of the islands, while another few seconds found us scrambling ashore. A glance round sufficed to show it was uninhabited, for it was simply a piece of grass-grown ground about twenty yards square, and there was no shelter but a few stones. Geese had been here to feed and left behind them feathers and other traces of their presence. It was also evident that the deer had some time or other swum across

for the same purpose, but at that moment it was devoid of life, save a few tiny insects among the pebbles.

The next island was different. As we approached we could see that it was covered with heather and had even a small bramble bush to give it distinction, while through the heather peeped out masses of rock. It was bigger, too, than the other, and stood higher out of the loch. What with the steepness of the sides and the roughness of the water it was evident it would be quite difficult to land; but the anxiety of the poor old crow, who was hovering about overhead, and the fact that she had been joined by another, evidently her mate, made me all the more anxious to do so, while even the gillie began to think there was a nest there, and had become quite eager to find it. As he pulled close up to the island he recounted all the evil deeds the hoodies had lately been guilty of—how they had stolen his fowls' eggs, killed some tiny chickens and so on, and he bitterly regretted that the keepers had not killed them all.

It was quite an awkward scramble up on to a big boulder; but when I had really got on to firm land I nearly gasped with astonishment as my eyes alighted on the last plants I expected to see in such a bare and exposed situation, namely, two or three Osmundas—tiny ones, truly, but still Osmundas. However,



HE STRETCHES HIS WINGS.

we—for my friend had now landed—left the ferns and pushed our way through the heather, while the crows cawed anxiously above; yet there was nothing to be seen. Suddenly something fluttered up at my feet, uttering the most discordant cries. There were two creatures. Almost tumbling on the top of them, I grasped a young hoodie crow in either hand! A glance round showed I had almost stepped upon them. The nest only consisted of a platform of heather stalks laid among the same plant, and the young birds, with their grey and black backs, had so beautifully resembled their surroundings that they had been almost invisible.

I bore my prizes down to the boat in triumph, feeling sorry, all the same, for the parents, yet not the least inclined to abandon my captives. I knew it was doing a good turn to the neighbourhood to carry off such mischievous birds—though, without making any excuses, the truth must be told: I wanted them!

With much laughter my friend brought forth the luncheon bag, turned our provisions out, and helped me put the young birds inside. They were just the right age to take, being nearly full-fledged, but not too old to tame, and as we were leaving the hotel for home that night, I should not have long to look after them under circumstances that might have been difficult; so really all things were most fortunate, and luck was better in the matter of fish for the rest of the afternoon; indeed, considering the impossible fishing weather, we did not have bad sport.

Nine o'clock that evening found us going aboard the little steamer that was to carry us to Oban. Under one arm I had a small wooden box, from which issued occasional smothered caws; in the other hand I held a paper parcel containing scraps of meat, being the result of a conversation with the hotel cook, and intended for food for the young crows. Alas for my catering! When I woke up next morning the most appalling smell filled the cabin, and my friend was murmuring, sleepily, "What's the disgusting stink?" I hurriedly tumbled out of the bunk, picked up that same paper parcel, which had been placed tidily on the floor beside the box, and took it out on to the deck, where, undoing it, I hurled the contents with all the speed I could muster to the attendant seagulls, who swooped down with cries of joy to the feast.

The young crows—now named Veiragvat, from the loch where they were found, and Feanag, which we had been told was Gaelic for crow—had a breakfast of soaked bread and biscuits. The menu was the same for subsequent meals, but I mentally vowed that twenty-four hours should find them being fed on rabbit flesh, for I knew that members of the crow family require plenty of meat to keep them in health.



PREENING ITS TAIL FEATHERS.

Luckily, we had a carriage to ourselves from Oban to Edinburgh, but a ticket-collector had a surprise, for he came to the door just as I had been feeding the birds, so I popped the lid on the box and hastily looked for the tickets; but the bigger hoodie wanted more food. Off went the lid and up went his head—just like a Jack-in-the-box—and he cawed straight at the man! The ticket-collector's face was a study!

We got them home without any further adventures or mishaps, and on a mixed diet of meat and soaked dog biscuit they grew at a great pace, quickly becoming two remarkably handsome birds. They soon recognised me as the source from which all their food came, and began to call loudly to me whenever they saw me coming near their place. They were now quite easy to feed, for all one had to do was to stuff food down their wide-open beaks. Their appetites were enormous, and a handful of chopped-up rabbit meat went nowhere, for they would still be flapping their wings and cawing loudly for more when every bit had disappeared. Though such hungry creatures, they did not bolt everything that was given them, and promptly refused any pieces that were a trifle too big or which they did not like. A noteworthy point connected with these birds is that they have the power—in common with the raven and others of the crow family—of throwing up indigestible portions of their food, after the manner in which owls and hawks throw up "castings" or "pellets"; indeed, it is better for their health to let them have a little fur and bone with their meat, and for the same reason they cannot be kept in good condition on a purely vegetarian diet. Even before the hoodies had become full-fledged they began to take a daily bath, getting into their tub with evident relish in the cold water, and splashing it far and wide.

As soon as they were fully clothed I proceeded to photograph them; but as they were so very tame, this presented no particular difficulties, no more patience being required than is usually wanted when dealing with young creatures, though, needless to say, a fair supply can be necessary! The only real trouble I had was that ordinary un-orthochromatic plates were liable to render their grey backs and chests rather too light, while orthochromatic ones when used with a yellow screen were generally too slow, as a fairly rapid exposure was necessary, the crows having an annoying way of turning their heads quickly from side to side.

At the time of writing Veiragvat and Feanag live in a wire-netting enclosure at a little distance from the house, with the result that, seeing so few strangers, they have become somewhat nervous with people they do not know; but though now full-grown birds, they call as loudly as ever when they see me coming, and I notice they are trying to imitate various sounds, such as the cackling of the hens and a cock crowing. I feel sure that, if they lived where they constantly heard people talking, they would soon imitate the human voice as well as any magpie. Indeed, they



A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE.

have a considerable resemblance to magpies in their jerky movements and their general carriage, though their caw would pass for that of a rook. These two crows seem to take very kindly to life in a district so much South of their old home, for hoodies are seldom heard of in this district (Shropshire), though last winter a few visited the northern part of the county. Handsome as this bird is, with its sprightly bearing and wicked eye, I fear it would not get a warm welcome—or perhaps only warm in the unpleasant sense—should any attempt to remain, and I sincerely hope for their own sake that my two will never escape, for I fear they would soon fall victims to some keeper's gun. Still, they are very charming rascals!



THE TWO THIEVES.

FRANCES PITT.

AUTUMN ON THE SOLENT.

THE country which lies between the New Forest and the sea has never been awakened. It has the air of something forgotten. Like those who through timidity or reserve live and die unknown to their fellow-men, and often to themselves—shut out as by a spell from any close communion with life—so this land shows a sort of forlorn detachment from those who dwell in it. It is not like the Forest, for instance, which, conscious of the presence of mankind, seems ever striving to protect some great secret from all save the initiated; this reveals nothing, hides nothing. Its spirit is open before you like a book, but can never be possessed, for it is utterly intangible and alien from the soul of mankind.

It is the symbol of all those whom some invisible wall divides from close contact with the world. Virginal, dim and quiet, so quiet that the silence seems almost tangible, an atmosphere hangs about it as of those still hours before dawn and sunset; the winds which break in from time to time are but intruders, boisterous strangers whose voices are soon forgotten; but the silence is native. Nothing could possibly happen here. Any violent deed would fall like a stone into still water—disappear and leave no echo. It has no memories, only dreams; no future, only a brooding present which expects nothing. It is the enchanted Princess whom no Prince will ever awaken. It retains the same thin calm which must have enveloped the earth on the first day of creation.

Its loveliness is difficult to define—vague, evanescent as the gossamer shining among the hedgerows on an autumn morning. Since its appeal is not human, words are embarrassed when they approach it, and depart stammering, for they lack subtlety. Some faint fairy language, low and melancholy, might describe it; the speech of those who live on the borderland between sleeping and waking; all other is too ponderous. A sad and dangerous magic rises from the fields and woods, dulling the spirit, clinging to its wings in folds of soft mist. It suggests the infinite regret of those who, though lacking any definite grief, are of such fine fibre that life itself is sorrow, who, though they may have never wept, seem always living under the shadow of tragedy.

This is country which makes no appeal beyond itself; it is the goal not the beginning. The sea here does not summon to adventure. Here all experiences are one; only those who have lost the desire of action can understand the apathy which is its gift. Energy fails here like a broken goblet, and the violent colours of life are toned down into one even tone of grey.

Everything which is not in this mood seems accidental, doomed to pass away, leaving no memory behind it. Men have been here

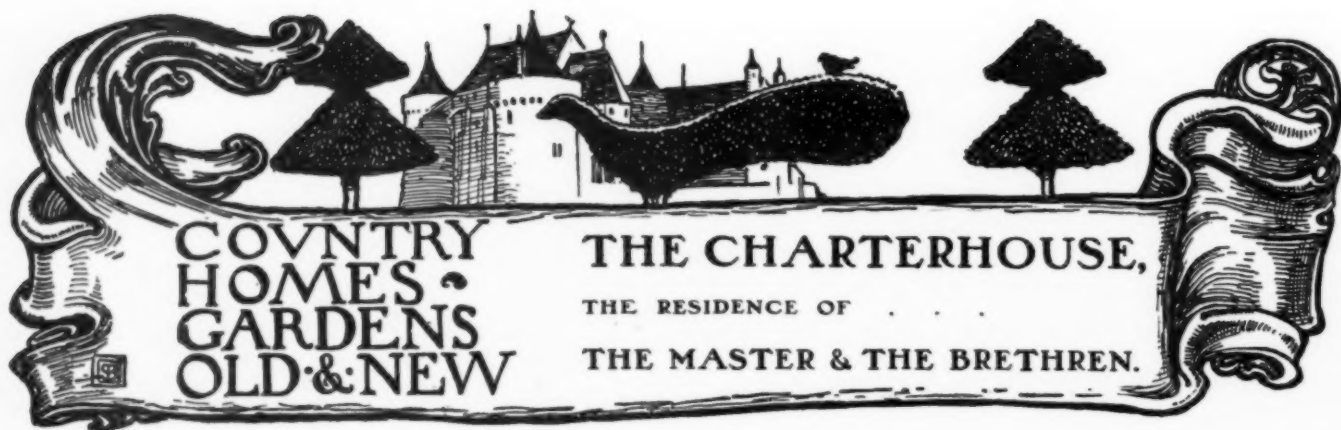
and carelessly raised one or two incongruous dwellings; but these do not jar, for you feel they stand only for a short time on sufferance, and that at any moment a slow, grey mist may sweep over them, erasing them as easily as figures from a slate. Towns, in fact, have stood on this dim coast, the sound of ship-building has echoed down the river; but all has disappeared completely, leaving not a trace, scarcely a tradition of what has been.

The island, pale as a shadow, the broad, melancholy river, sweeping in heavy curves through thick, clustering woods, and, for greater unreality, the swans which float languidly upon it or rest on the marshes at low tide, all are beautiful as the

incarnation of a romance, oppressive from its remoteness. How shall one define the enchantment? As well might one try to turn into words things which can only be dreamed, or a mood whose true expression is silence. Autumn is the season for this country; it waits for autumn as for the coming of a friend, and folds it to its bosom, holding it long after winter has conquered elsewhere. Then days are born frail, transparent, fragile, hypnotising the sea into utter stillness, blending earth, sea and sky together in one white mist. These days are like those ancient bits of iridescent glass which show sometimes a surface like milk into which a sunset has been spilt. Stray gleams of drowsy sunshine gleam through the white vapour, touching the water with patches of faint fire. On the long grass bordering the shore, on the tamarisk bushes, on the briar hedges and further, where the pine woods begin, weighing down their boughs as though the day had wept among them, the mist clings, transformed into heavy drops which not a breath disturbs. With the pine woods the sea opens out, escapes from the bondage of the island and shore, becomes more like the sea elsewhere. It rolls in larger wave, against a stonier beach—the marshes (which reflect the day's moods as variously almost as the sea itself) give way at low tide to stretches of brown sand; the coast, too, as soon as the pine woods are left behind, grows gradually more commonplace. The enchantment thins and disappears altogether, merging at last in the entire banality of the Southampton Water, with its smugness, its flat banks and its perpetual stream of Atlantic liners.

But halfway, just where the pines commence, is a house with a garden, which are a sort of logical conclusion to all that has gone before. It was built with no conscious effort after congruity, but by those who loved the sea and surrounding country so well that their work became one with these things without effort. The house is low, small and straggling, and has curious abrupt roofs, with grey tiles, which overlap like the scales of a fish. There is no barrier between it and the sea, and the sea winds may wander through it as they will. It is rarely lived in, but the ghosts of former owners who loved it make an atmosphere in its empty rooms, which the least sensitive even cannot but feel. Any inhabitants except ghosts or those who have ceased to take an active part in life would be so out of place that it would be impossible for them to long continue living there. The house would have a thousand ways of showing its displeasure, for it is one of those places which, with the passage of time, have developed a heart, and such are merciless to strangers. Dark trees, ilxes and laurels pile themselves on both sides of a grass lawn, but at the back, and sheltered, is a warm garden, between high brick walls, for comfort if the winds grow too bitter. Narrow paths wind down to the stony beach between laurel hedges and lose themselves and turn into each other. And the great ships pass the house and garden on their way to the open sea.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.



OTHER buildings there are in London, greater and statelier than the Charterhouse, but none of wider or more varied interest. It is the tomb of those who died by the Black Death, the shrine of the Carthusian "Sola beatitudo, beata solitudo," the home of Saint Bruno's children. It is the palace of the Norfolk who died for Mary Queen of Scots, the great foundation of philanthropic Sutton, the school where Steele and Addison, Wesley and Havelock spent their boyhood, and to everyone whose memory is fragrant with Thackeray's creation, the place where Colonel Newcome passed with *Adsum* on his lips. In a story that covers less than six centuries—a short time in the history of a London site—the Charterhouse has been the scene of many doings. When the Black Death was scourging England, Ralph Bishop of London bought a piece of ground known as "no man's land." He dedicated it for burial of the myriad dead, and "builded thereupon a proper chappell," as Stow called it in his book "a potter's field, to bury strangers

in." Sir Walter Manny added to this place of burial, and in 1371 gave the land and chapel to found a house of Carthusian monks. From this glimpse we pass to Tudor days, when the Charterhouse of the "Salvation of the most blessed Mother of God" continued a model of religious observance, and was governed by "Blessed" John Houghton, the worthy superior of worthy brethren, unscathed by the abuses of the time. In 1535 Houghton, with the priors of Beauvale and Axholme, died at Tyburn for refusing to acknowledge the Royal supremacy. A few months later two of Houghton's brethren trod the same road, and after two years ten more. The monastery was suppressed in 1537, and stood desolate for some years, dismantled savagely where it was not pulled stone from stone. In 1545 Charterhouse was granted to Sir Edward North, himself the Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations whose business it was to administer the monastic spoils. Eight years later he sold his property to John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, and the deed specifies "a

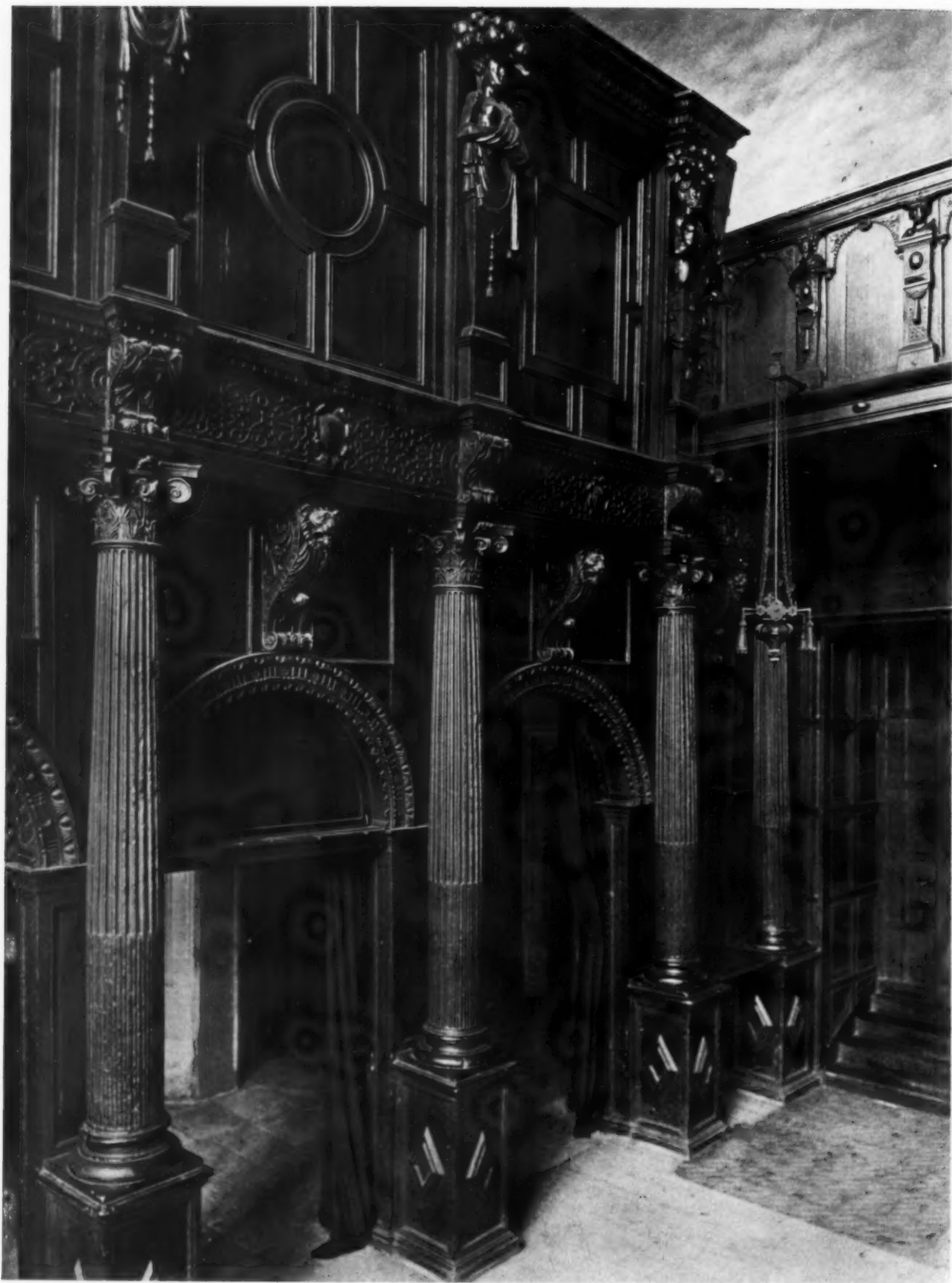




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THE HALL BAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE HALL SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

capital message and mansion-house and all the buildings lately erected." Before this year of 1553 was out, Northumberland had lost his head on Tower Hill, and the consideration of the sale remained unsatisfied. Though North had been with Northumberland in the Lady Jane Grey plot, he not only escaped with his life, but was made Lord North by Queen Mary, and had Charterhouse regranted to him. He was clearly a man of supple mind, for Elizabeth showed him equal favour, and our first clear view of Charterhouse as a home is when she stayed there five days on her first coming to London as Queen in 1558. Three years later she stayed again with North at Charterhouse, and in 1564 North died there just as he had sold the place to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. Indeed, the deed remained unsigned, but Roger North completed it. At this point we may try to picture the buildings as Norfolk found them. The great cloister with its twenty-four cells, each in effect a cottage with a garden, was doubtless already in ruins. The guest-hall of the monastery, now the dining-hall, had been built by Prior Tynbygh at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

North seems to have left it alone, for he turned the chapel into a dining-hall, perhaps because the Guest Hall had been damaged at the suppression. The chapel itself would otherwise be as it had stood since 1371, with the addition of the present ante-chapel, also built by Tynbygh. What is now the Brothers' Library was probably the frater (or refectory) of the monks themselves. The Wash-house Court (it also owns the pretty names of Lavendry Court and Poplar Tree Court) was there, and served as the home of the lay brethren. The crucial question is whether the buildings which now surround the south, east and west sides of the Master's Court, standing approximately on the site of the little cloister, with its quest houses, were built by North or by Norfolk. The grant of Charterhouse to North mentions no mansion, but reveals his new possession merely as a derelict monastery. The transfer from North to Northumberland is almost *verbatim* the same except for an added clause mentioning the mansion. A deposition made on the attainder of Philip of Arundel specifically refers to "the great House called Howard House of Sir James Dyer and William Cordell, executors to Edward Lord North," and another document describes Howard House as "alias Charterhouse late the House of Lord North." While there is no doubt that Norfolk made great changes, it seems clear that in its main structure Howard House was of North's building. It has been contended that North never lived at Charterhouse itself, but in a mansion in Charterhouse Square, afterwards called Rutland House. Contemporary leases, however, show that North prepared the latter for his second wife in case she should become a widow.

The great staircase is certainly Norfolk's work, also the paved terrace, resting on a brick arcade which leads from the

house to what was then the Duke's tennis court, long since demolished, and occupying the site of the western alley of the monks' great cloister.

To the Duke must also be ascribed the fine wooden mantel-piece in what is now the Master's Drawing-room, with its portrait of Sutton inserted later. Until the mastership of Archdeacon Hale, this had been obscured by many coats of paint; but he removed them and, from the indications of colour which remained beneath, was able to restore its pristine beauty of blue and gold. The chimney-piece in the Master's Ballroom may be as early as North's time, and the panel with figures of



Copyright.

THE GOVERNORS' ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Faith, Hope and Charity suggests Flemish workmanship. When Norfolk came into possession, he certainly remodelled what he found to the extent of taking down the roof of the Guest Hall, and building it anew, as we see it, with the row of clerestory windows. To him also may be attributed the oriel there, since altered, and the great screen. The wooden gallery, along the side of the hall, which connects the head of the great stair with the upper storey of the screen, is clearly a later addition, perhaps set up by Norfolk as an after-thought, but conceivably by Sutton's trustees.



Copyright.

THE GREAT STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The hall fireplace is a Norfolk work with Sutton additions, to be described later. Over the frater he built the great chamber, now called the Governors' Room, and known also as the Tapestry Room. The plaster ceiling is a fine example of Elizabethan work, and the mantel-piece is particularly instructive. It is of wood, painted in parts to represent marble and parcel gilt. The modern prejudice against "marbling" on the ground of decorative insincerity did not trouble the Elizabethan. If he could not afford marble, he liked to be reminded of it, and called in the paint brush to do it. There are examples at Hatfield done in the same way. This mantel-piece is eloquent of later changes, for at succeeding dates were added not only the arms and initials of Sutton, but the Royal Arms and C.R. for Charles II. The aspect of the Governors' Room was altered a good deal early in the nineteenth century, when the windows were re-arranged to suit the new buildings then added. The adjoining room, which is now the



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IN THE CHAPEL CLOISTER.

"C.L."

Officers' Library, was part of the great chamber until 1784, when it was cut off to house the books bequeathed by Daniel Wray the antiquary.

This is but a slight survey of the Duke's work, but a reference to the plan will fill out the details. He must have finished it by 1568, for in August of that year Elizabeth paid her third visit to Charterhouse. If he had been of a queasy conscience the Queen's presence must have brought troubled thoughts, for already he had transferred his loyalty from Elizabeth to the woman she most hated, Mary Queen of Scots.

In October, Norfolk with Sussex and Sir Ralph Sadler were at York as Elizabeth's commissioners bargaining with the commissioners of Mary and of the young King James as to Mary's future. Had Mary been privy to the death of Darnley? Were the casket letters forgeries? Should she be restored to Scotland? These were the things they argued back and forward from October 4th for many weeks. All to no purpose.

Elizabeth meant Mary to remain her prisoner and Cecil meant it too. But in the intervals of argument Norfolk went riding with Lethington, the man whom Mary hated most, one of the murderers of Darnley. It was for Lethington's safety that Norfolk should marry Mary, and he pressed it. Norfolk wanted Mary's character cleared of the stain of murder, but to do that

support him. Some English Catholic lords were pleased with the notion and joined a plot to promote the scheme. Most of 1569 was spent in confused intrigue, Murray against Mary, Lethington, after much wavering, with her till his death, Norfolk, it seems, rather aimless and the sport of all sides. Not until September did Elizabeth, for once ill-served by her spies, realise



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THE CHAPEL ORGAN SCREEN.

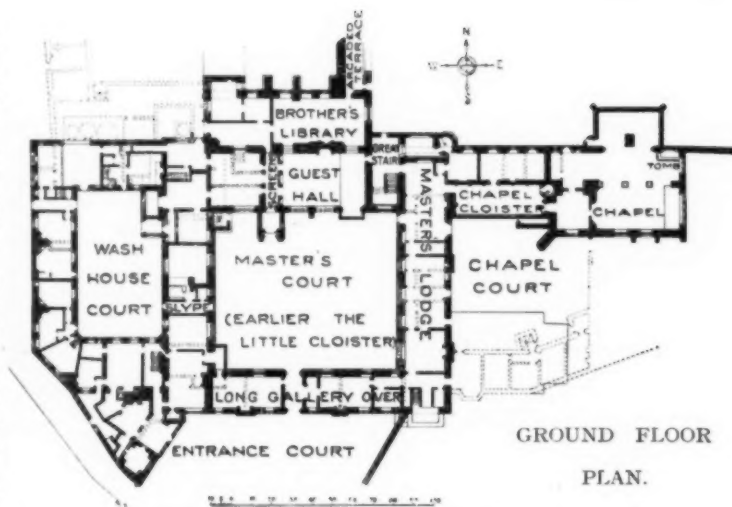
"COUNTRY LIFE."

meant incriminating Lethington. So they ceased talking, and Norfolk began to bargain with Murray to win the same end. The great enquiry ended indeterminately. Mary remained a prisoner, discredited by proceedings grotesquely unjust. Meanwhile, Norfolk tried to keep friends with Elizabeth, but was still anxious to wed Mary. The Regent Murray affected to

the marriage project. She acted swiftly. Mary was put in closer ward at Tutbury for fear lest the English Catholics should rise and save her. Murray accused Norfolk to Elizabeth, and though the Duke made his case good for a time, he went to the Tower for ten months. His time there was spent in writing assurances of loyalty to Elizabeth and to Mary of his

devotion. In August of 1570 the plague raged so badly that he was allowed to pass his imprisonment in his own home at the Charterhouse. This partial freedom was his undoing. In the Long Gallery, now part of the Master's apartments, he would meet at night Mary's Ambassador in London, the Bishop of Ross, and talk treason. Mary played with him, sent him tokens of her love, "a cushyn wrought with the Scots Quene's oune Armes . . . all which work was made with the Scots Quene's own hand."

As early as May of 1571 the bishop was imprisoned by Elizabeth, and the Burghley Papers reveal the whole story of his examination. They show that Norfolk was plotting with Ridolfi, acting on behalf of Spain and the Pope for Mary and against Elizabeth, but it was difficult to catch the Duke in any overt act. On August 29th was made the fatal blunder for which Norfolk had his two secretaries, Barker and Higford, to thank. Barker gave Higford a bag of gold, six hundred pounds, provided by the French Ambassador, and handed over by the latter's servant in Charterhouse Chapel. Higford gave it to a carrier, who was to take it to Scotland to Lord Herries, one of Mary's adherents. In the bag with the money



were letters in cipher. The treasure fell into Cecil's hands and Higford, when examined on September 2nd, said, "The alphabete (i.e., the key to the cipher) was left under the Matte, hard by the Wyndowes Syde, in the Entrye towards my Lord's Bed-Chamber, where the Mappe of England doth hang, whereof I made my Lord pryvie." On September 5th, Barker confessed and the Duke was sent to the Tower, and, two months later, put on his trial for high treason. He expiated his not very serious crimes on Tower Hill less than six months later. It is difficult to realise in the peaceful atmosphere of Charterhouse to-day that the pleasant quarters of the Master's Lodge, altered but little since, were the scene of all these secret comings and goings. The cipher, one evidence of Norfolk's guilt, was found under the roof tiles. Beneath the mat they found instead a letter, from Mary, no less desperate a blow at Norfolk's cause. The stair remains which gave the "Entrye towards my Lord's Bed-Chamber," but the latter, unfortunately, has been wholly remodelled.

The next owner of Charterhouse was the Duke's eldest son, Philip; but he seems never to have made it his home, and both in 1574 and 1580 it was let to the Portuguese Ambassador. Though he secured the favour of Elizabeth so far as to be made Earl of Arundel in 1580, the dukedom was withheld from him, and his adhesion to the Church of Rome made his life a sea of troubles. In 1589 he was charged with high treason and condemned to death, but the sentence was not executed. Six years later he died a prisoner in the Tower, the fourth in succession of an unhappy family to be condemned to death. On Philip's death, the Charterhouse, or, as it was then called, Howard



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SUTTON'S TOMB.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

House, passed to Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk—another of Norfolk's sons and one of the heroes of English sea power. None had fought more brilliantly than he against the Spanish Armada. After the Battle of Portland he was knighted on the quarter-deck of the flagship for conspicuous gallantry, and Hawkins and Frobisher with him. Howard then commanded the *Golden Lion*, but it was on board the *Merit Honneur* that he led the assault on Cadiz. It was, however, in the great fight at Flores, when the *Revenge* made her supreme effort of English courage, that Howard showed his gift for admiralship at its greatest. As Tennyson says:

Then swore Lord Thomas Howard,
'Fore God, I am no coward.

Elizabeth's admiration for her great seaman was shown in many ways, and in 1603 she paid her fourth and last visit to the Charterhouse to stay with him. A few months later she

architectural details were done by Bernard Jansen, and Stone and Jansen received four hundred pounds for their labour. The Founder's tomb is a fine example of Jacobean work in coloured marbles, and in Thackeray's words, "With its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies *Fundator Noster*, in his ruff and gown, waiting the great Examination Day."

The Trustees made no alteration in the great hall except to add an upper part to the fireplace, bearing the arms of Sutton and the cannon which commemorate his military life. These additions were carved by a craftsman owning the delightful name of Jeremy Winkle. Since the beginning of the seventeenth century, the buildings of Charterhouse have undergone many and grievous vicissitudes. The buildings of the Master's Court have been faced with dreary buff bricks. To the chapel was added in 1824 a northern bay. The school buildings, which occupied the site of Norfolk's tennis court, were destroyed



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GUEST HALL: FROM THE MASTER'S COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was dead, and James I. followed her example by making his first stay in his new capital at the Charterhouse. As the Rev. Gerald Davies, the present Master of the Charterhouse, has pointed out, it was a picturesque coincidence that made the son of Mary Queen of Scots the guest of the son of the man who had wooed her to his own destruction. During this visit of King James, Charterhouse saw brave doings. In what is now the Governors' Room he made one hundred and thirty-three knights. Eight years later, Howard sold his London home to Thomas Sutton, a great gentleman and a great soldier, who was, none the less, a brilliant business man. He was near the end of his long life when he bought Charterhouse, and he turned it straightway into a hospital for eighty old men and forty boys. The Governors of the new Foundation did not make great alterations to the fabric. They remodelled the chapel, adding the cloister and a north bay to take Sutton's tomb. This was provided by Nicholas Stone, who was intimately connected in other works with Inigo Jones. Here, however, the

when the boys were moved to their new quarters near Godalming in 1872. The hall of the Merchant Taylors' School stands there now. The brothers, who lived for two hundred years in the old monastery barns and outbuildings, had new buildings provided for them in 1826-39, unattractive quarters in a mean sort of Revival Gothic, known as Preacher's Court and Pensioners' Court.

For all that, Charterhouse is as full of architectural as of human interest, and our only regret is that the limits of space have forbidden the telling of its story in a fuller way. Though its courts and cloisters no longer echo with the footfalls of boys, whose predecessors fill the rolls with so many famous names, Charterhouse is still fragrant with their memory. The Brethren, though unhappily reduced in numbers from eighty to sixty-five, owing to agricultural depression and the following loss of revenue, still dine in the Hall where dined in turn the guests of the monks and of that unhappy Duke who lost his life for love of Mary Queen of Scots.

L. W.

IN THE GARDEN.

A PERGOLA IN A SURREY GARDEN.

THIS pergola was formed for a warm valley garden in Surrey, which was rather a sunburnt place on warm days, and it leads from the garden side of the house through the flower garden into a garden of Azaleas, Kalmias, etc., whence it turns off to the right into a fruit garden. The photograph tells its own story. It has stout brick pillars to give a lasting support. I gave the dimensions of these; but the builder had his own way as regards the bricks, and used a fancy (quoined) brick on his own responsibility. It looks very well, but is by no means necessary in such a structure. As good, or better, is a fourteen-inch stock-brick pillar, whitened, as it gives a cool effect. The pathways are of old worn London paving-stones, these being the best in all ways for the purpose.

Large Bamboos are freely used, and the sides are not all closely trellised, for the sake of getting a view of the garden both ways. Large Bamboos, though looking well, are not so lasting as some of our native wood, and are, perhaps, more apt to decay, as they contain hiding-places for vermin. The best woods to use are native Oak battens and Chestnut from ordinary underwoods.

An outside view of the same pergola is given, which may serve to show that these structures sometimes have a picturesque way of



G. A. Champion.

OUTER VIEW OF THE MASONRY PERGOLA.

Copyright.

redeeming the monotonous and unvaried surfaces of many gardens.

As regards the plants used, there is no getting away, in such a large pergola, from the charming Wistarias—never forgetting that we are now rich in having two wild species and their varieties—and the nobler climbing Roses, such as *Rêve d'Or* and *Bouquet d'Or*, and some of the handsomer Vines. The following are all useful:

Actinidias.—Japanese plants that come to us rather late, and promise very well in vigour and form; they bear interesting flowers, and sometimes fruit. They are among the most promising things we have.

Aristolochia.—The old Dutchman's Pipe. A very vigorous, fine plant which may help now and then, though the flowers are not very attractive.

Tecoma.—Better known as Bignonia, and a very handsome plant. In warm soils and districts both the American and Japanese forms, of which *Mme. Gallen* is a very handsome plant, may be used with fine effect. They should have the warmest positions.

Celastrus (*Staff Vine*).—A very curious creeper, though not showy. Of recent years a splendid variety has come into cultivation which bears ropes of the most brilliant berries. A grand plant for the larger kind of pergola.

Edwardsias.—Very interesting and beautiful New Zealand plants, usually grown on walls. In the southern parts of the country they are worth having on a pergola for beauty of leaf and flower.

Jasmines.—These we cannot do without, especially the larger form of the common Jasmine and all those that grow out of doors—certainly the winter one.

Honeysuckles.—These give us some of our most beautiful



G. A. Champion.

INNER VIEW OF THE MASONRY PERGOLA.

Copyright.

climbers, particularly what is called the Dutch form of the common Honeysuckle; and the Japanese one, too, is very free-flowering and fragrant. It is a genus full of good things, some of which are well worth trying as climbers.

Peurarias.—Giant climbers, only suited for the larger kind of pergola and warm soils.

Green Briar (Smilax).—A very good American name for a charming group of plants of Southern Europe, commonly called Smilax. Where evergreen effects are wanted, I have a very large kind called rotundifolia, slow-growing, but hardy and effective.

Stauntonia.—A handsome climber which may be safely trusted in the Southern Counties.

Euonymus.—The small evergreen form of this, happening to be near some Oak pillars, assumed a climbing habit, and is rather pretty. I do not mean the variegated variety, but the green form.

Climbing Hydrangea (Schizophragma).—A curious plant which would be very nice against a large pillar. It does very well against trees and walls, and if not quite successful everywhere, it is certainly worth a trial. WM. ROBINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALPINE PLANTS TO FLOWER IN WINTER.

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you can tell me the names of some alpine plants which will flower in the winter under glass. I propose planting them in a conservatory looking north with a temperature not below 38deg. or 40deg.—M. S.

[There are not many alpine plants that would prove a success under the circumstances and conditions named. The northern aspect of conservatory, the suggested planting out, and a minimum temperature of 38deg. or 40deg. are all opposed to success, unless it be such plants as Christmas Rose, Winter Heliotrope, Iris stylosa and other such things. Our correspondent might, of course, employ such plants as Primula obconica, P. megaseaefolia, Iris reticulata and its following, together with I. Tauri, I. stenophylla, Snowdrops and others, also the species of winter-flowering Croci, Narcissus monophyllus albus, N. minimus and others, which might suffer less from the warmed condition of the conservatory, which, generally speaking, would be the bane of the best alpine plants. Subjects of freer growth would include the Lenten Roses, some of the larger-leaved Saxifrages or Megaseas, S. ciliata and S. Stracheyi, for example, and S. apiculata, a yellow-flowered kind which is prone to flowering in mid-winter. The spring-flowering Cyclamen, C. Coum and C. ibericum, would be also earlier in flower in such a place, though what would be best would depend upon many things of which our correspondent gives us no information.—ED.]

A DOZEN GOOD SWEET PEAS FOR THE GARDEN.

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would give me the names of a dozen good Sweet Peas for a small garden where there is no room for more. I want the best selection and variety of colour I can have in the twelve. I wish to sow them outdoors this month, as I find I can get earlier blooms that way.—M. S. F.

[As there are now so many excellent varieties of Sweet Peas, it is most difficult to confine any list to one dozen. So much depends upon individual taste. The following, however, are all excellent and give a wide range of colours: Mrs. Cuthbertson, bicolor; Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes, blush; John Ingman, carmine; Clara Curtis, cream; King Edward Spencer, crimson; Masterpiece, lavender; Edrom Beauty, orange pink; Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, cream ground with pink edge; Elfrida Pearson, pink; Mrs. W. J. Unwin, flaked white and red; Etta Dyke, white; and Arthur Green, maroon purple. We give another dozen, so that, if any of the colours named above are objected to, some of the following

may be substituted: Flora Norton Spencer, blue; Cherry Ripe, cerise; Gladys Burt, cream pink; Afterglow, fancy; Helen Pierce, marbled blue and white; Nubian, maroon; Tennant Spencer, deep mauve; Countess Spencer, deep pink; Marie Corelli, rose; George Stark, scarlet; Loyalty, striped lilac and white; and Nora Unwin, white.—ED.]

PICTURES AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE Royal Photographic Society is at present holding, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, its fifty-seventh annual exhibition. Photography itself being but seventy odd years old, it will be seen that the society's record is a long and honourable one. Nevertheless, the visitor who is familiar with the astonishing advances in camera craft may well reflect on quitting the rooms that it would,



W. J. Sayer.

LAC D'AMOUR.

Copyright.

indeed, require a rich and continuous influx of new blood to maintain the needful vitality to make a fifty-seventh show as interesting and stimulating as, say, a thirty-seventh or forty-seventh. Even a decade ago the R.P.S. collection was full of original and progressive work; to-day most of it must be dismissed as, on the whole, decidedly humdrum. This is, perhaps, but another example of the Nemesis which always pursues the academic in whatever branch of the world of art, great or small.

The gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists, in which the exhibition is set out, is, it must be conceded, rather a dismal home for monochromes of any sort. Not that the collection can fail to instruct the studious amateur who is willing to examine it painstakingly and in detail. The non-photographic public, however, will, we very much fear, find it less attractive than usual, albeit no show which is fortunate enough to include examples of the beautiful work of such leaders as Alexander Keighley, James McKissack, Hugo Erfurth,

writer has always been dubious about any confusion and intermingling between camera methods and those of the painter, he is bound sorrowfully to admit that the R.P.S. exhibition seems gradually, year by year, to have demonstrated that pure photography, however fine in itself, is, if adhered to over-fanatically, prone to lack something which modified photography, legitimately or no, achieves. Again and again, going the round of the walls at this exhibition, the critic is moved to ask himself "Why was this picture taken?" or "What was the

value of that one to its taker?" The print at which he is gazing is perhaps irreproachable in technique, it may be soundly composed and tastefully chosen; but it is devoid of the spark of life which would make it worth preservation. It is not work with which one would want to live, or even to which one wants to return for a second and third inspection. It is, maybe, far above the average of anything seen in show-cases and shop windows and view albums, but its appeal is short-lived to anybody but its producer.

That is the weakness of so much amateur photography. It pleases the photographer, it pleases the circle of persons concerned, but it travels no further. To the outsider it has no message. And this is why the gospel of art in photography must be pressed home if photography itself is to survive the mere plaything stage of the snap-shotter and the family-group perpetrator. Ninety-nine cameras out of a hundred which pass across the dealer's counter are sold as a toy is sold, and are used, for a space, as toys. The user—he is human!—soon grows tired of his toy, *qui* toy, and then arrives the moment when he must choose between either abandoning the hobby as unregretfully as he abandoned ping-pong, or else penetrating more deeply into its problems. Now there is no real inducement to practise photography seriously except in the light of an art.

Topographical photographs can be bought by the hundredweight at bargain prices; ordinary portraits can be made, cheaply and admirably, by the nearest professional; picture post-cards can be had, at the preposterous price of a penny apiece, in the nearest stationer's. None of these obvious lines does the amateur himself in the least need to pursue. But the one thing he cannot buy is his own personal view of what is beautiful in Nature.

This toy of his, the camera, is an art implement which has come to him in disguise; with it he can express himself graphically. Should he discover this in time, the camera will cease to be a toy, but never, for a life's length, cease to be a companion.

Having adopted photography as an art instead of as a mildly entertaining pastime, the photographer may, or may not, produce anything of real worth, but he will be far more likely to do so than he was before. His pictures will begin to be imbued with that mysterious largeness which makes them



J. B. Portway.

THE SHAMBLES.

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A. G. Buckham and Furley Lewis, in the pictorial section, and Oliver G. Pike, F. Martin Duncan and W. Farren, in the scientific and natural history sections, can be wholly profitless.

Straightforward photography, such as the R.P.S. has always (and perhaps only reasonably) encouraged, is, it would seem, upon its trial nowadays. The younger generation are challenging it, and that right vigorously. It is being rivalled by the products of the schools of "control"—the oil printers, the coloured gummists and the rest. And although the present



Copyright.

THE CANAL.

Alex. Keighley.

cease to be local; no longer will their meaning be discernible only by his own home audience. Their language will be cosmopolitan. They will be art—even if quite minor art. And he himself will feel, in some small measure, the joy of the artist, where before he felt only the passing amusement of the dabbler in some lesser sport. Photography draws its strength from this tendency; these conversions from the game to the art keep it alive, at least that side of it which is unconcerned with scientific record-making and registration. Hence the importance of the continual experimenting, wise or unwise, of the control-process schools; hence, too, the importance of fostering originality and enterprise, even when verging on the eccentric, the post-impressionistic and the futurist. The

selecting committee of a society such as the R.P.S. must accept risks, it must hang the absurd, now and then, rather than lose the momentum which it is the happy function of the absurd to apply to the too normal. No doubt the word "Royal" in the society's title has made its controlling body diffident and conservative in their choice of work in the past; but this backwardness appears now to be bearing fruit in a kind of prim monotony which is far more deplorable than any fantastic outbreak of silliness. The R.P.S. autumn exhibition for the year 1912, in short, is sleepy, too peacefully so; a well-wisher would prefer to see a few obvious nightmares of photography run mad awakening it by the controversy they would arouse from its comfortable somnolence. M.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

MR. HILTON—EXPERIMENTALIST.

"MR. HILTON played far below his form nearly all day. He himself cannot advance much reason for his defeat, except the trying climatic conditions; but I have a strong suspicion that the new driver which he has been playing with since he came to

Wheaton—it was made in Ohio and is very heavy in the head—was too much for him. He simply could not hit a straight tee shot." Thus runs the gist of the story of Mr. Hilton's knock-out in the American amateur championship, as told by the correspondent of a daily contemporary. It was to no experienced or famous player that he had to succumb, but to a young golfer of whom little was known except that he had twice won the championship of his native State. It appears that Mr. Hilton made wonderful recoveries from his erratic tee shots, but could not follow them up by consistently good putting. Still, that phrase tells the story sufficiently, without further elaboration—"he could not hit a straight tee shot."

And was it all by reason of the heavy-headed driver? That is among those secrets which will perhaps never be revealed, not even to Mr. Hilton himself. Mr. Hilton may have done quite wisely to use the heavy-headed driver, though the crookedness of his usually very accurate driving certainly does look, in the term of the narrator, "suspicious." It is no evidence to the contrary that he had previously played very well with the weaver's beam, tying for the highest place on the scoring list with Mr. "Chick" Evans. That goes for nothing, because it is just thus, as we all know, that a strange weapon which takes our fancy does deal with us. It is a magic wand for a while; then, of a sudden, its magic goes out of it—and just because it is strange to our hand the loss of magic or of confidence is much more fatal than when the same accident happens with a club which we know. But the point of chief interest, as it strikes me, is the human one—that Mr. Hilton, being all that he is, should think it wise, should even have the courage, if you like to put it in that way, to betake himself to a new arm at the very moment of going into the big fight.

Of course, it is not wholly without precedent. We know that Mr. Travis, when he came here and won our amateur championship, only took up that then strange weapon, the

Schenectady putter, which his victory made popular, a day or two before the contest, and how it was almost entirely by virtue of his remarkable work therewith that he putted himself to glory. The putter, however, is another story. Most of us are able to appreciate the value of changing the putting weapon now and then. And there was a phase in his great career

when Mr. Laidlay would always buy a new brassie before he went out to play a big match, and would always use it, with great effect, in that match. The explanation of both these paradoxes is perhaps that the unfamiliarity of the new club gives us the subconscious reminder, which we want, that it is easier to hit the ball truly if we look at it the while. But with the driver, the club which, after all is said, we regard as the principal weapon in the armoury, the case is rather different. It needs must be something of a golfing genius who would take not only to a new but to an entirely strangely weighted driver at the beginning of so strenuous a contest as this. Have we to write it down as an illustration of that genius, that Mr. Hilton should thus equip himself with arms that he had not thoroughly proved, or have we to count it among the notorious eccentricities of genius?

It is to be observed that this most gifted, in certain respects, of all amateur golfers, has been ever prone to these eccentricities of golfing genius. Whatever else he is, Mr. Hilton is a thoughtful golfer. He is a clever man, and he has applied all his cleverness to golf. He has not let it suffer distraction. His great rival, Mr. Ball—far the greatest of all in the faculty of hardly ever letting himself be defeated in the normal eighteen-hole match—has some business to look after; he has been to South Africa to fight the Boers; other great golfers have been soldiers or have followed varied pursuits of business or of sport and pastime. Mr. Hilton alone has brought a keen intelligence to the problems

of golf and has kept it there, concentrated. Thus he has arrived at certain conclusions, sometimes rather original ones, and has never lacked the courage to carry them into practice. That courage is perhaps part and parcel of the bundle of qualities which help to make him the golfer he has been and still is—for the best amateur score player we have seen. Among the convictions at which he at one time arrived was that the way of putting salvation was to be found by the use of one hand only.



MR. "CHICK" EVANS.
(Runner-up in the American Championship.)

In this one-handed method he putted for a long while, not only in the so-called friendly matches, but in such serious encounters as the amateur championship. There was a phase, and it was one in which he put in some excellent work, which found him with no iron clubs of greater power than a lofting mashie in his set, all the rest being done, after the ball had left the tee till it reached the putting greens, with aluminium spoons. Thus equipped he won his second amateur championship, of which I have the livelier recollection because he beat me in the semi-final—a beating, I may add, which I ought never to have suffered, for Mr. Hilton did not play at all well against me. Still, it was not the aluminium spoon shots in which he failed. He was playing them to perfection. At yet another period he had, and practised, the doctrine, in keen opposition to the overlapping grip idea then coming to its vogue, that the hands should be held very far apart in driving and that with the right hand thus separated far from the left you could get better control of the ball, especially against the wind.

Now, if it were any other player than Mr. Hilton who had held, and rejected, these theories we should write him down at once as a mere faddist. With this light disrespect it is impossible to think of the man who has three times won the amateur championship, twice the open and twice more has come mighty near winning the latter great honour again. And who is to say whether this leaning towards original experiment has been for his advantage or otherwise in this distinguished career? For it is to be observed that each one of the strange experiments has been successful for a while. It is the old story, that after a time the magic has always gone out of it, so that we have seen Mr. Hilton coming back to the playing of the game much as other men play it, only a little better. We may remember that not all of his experiments proved ultimate failures. He still, I think, uses his spoon in a manner not original indeed, but nearly peculiar to him among present-day golfers, although his golfing forefathers of the day of the "baffy" practised the like arts. He is an accomplished player of a larger variety of shots than almost any other man, and who shall say that his mastery of some, at least, of these was not acquired in course of following certain high ideals or whimsical phantasies (however you like to put it) which he subsequently saw the wisdom of abandoning? It is likely that the heavy-headed club of Ohio will shortly go into the limbo of forgotten things already occupied with the one-handed putting, the aluminium spoons and the driving with the hands held far apart. But, still, Mr. Hilton remains just about the most interesting golfing personality we have seen. We ask ourselves whether his success has been at all due to this constant striving after new and strange acquirements which he has been obliged to relinquish as unprofitable, or whether it has been achieved in spite of them—and we ask in vain.

H. G. H.

MR. "CHICK" EVANS.

MANY of the friends that Mr. Evans made here last summer must have been very sorry to find in their Sunday paper that he had been beaten in the final of the American championship. Twice he has been unexpectedly beaten in the semi-final; now at last—at the mature age of twenty-two—he has succeeded in reaching the final only to be rather unexpectedly beaten again. That, at any rate, is the right word to use from the Chicago point of view, for Mr. Evans is a Chicago golfer, and his fellows of the West appear to have betted many dollars on his head. New York, on the other hand, would never admit Mr. Travers' victory to be unexpected, for they allege that Mr. Travers is the best amateur golfer yet produced by America. At any rate, Mr. Evans is a very brilliant golfer indeed, and if his putting and his temperament were quite on a par with his play up to the green, then he would come near to being invincible. No one plays a big match in a more delightfully

friendly and jovial spirit than Mr. Evans; but it is not the sunniest of golfers who feel the strain least. One can hardly imagine Mr. Evans as a "dour" player or wish him to be one, but he probably would win many championships by the aid of this good Scottish quality.

MR. TRAVERS AND HIS IRON CLUBS.

Mr. Travers seems to have played extraordinarily fine golf. Eleven holes in 41 is desperate work, and it came just at the most critical moment—the beginning of the second round, when Mr. Evans had a lead of one. We did not see Mr. Travers at anything approaching his best in 1909, but we saw enough to know that he was a very fine iron player. Now, the chief interest in Mr. Travers' victory really lies in these iron clubs of his, because not only did he approach with them very skilfully, but, conscious of being "off" with his wooden clubs, he constantly used them from the tee in several of his matches. This is an astonishing feat on a long course of much over six thousand yards. Doubtless the great run on the sun-baked iron-hard ground must have helped him; but, still, it is wonderful that he could successfully overcome the loss of distance involved. One would imagine that such a thing would be hardly possible on one or two of our championship courses. Could a man possibly struggle round Muirfield with its far-back tees and its soft ground, or Westward Ho! with its tremendous length, using only a driving iron to hit tee shots? It scarcely seems conceivable.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LADIES AND THE DOWN-WIND DRIVE.

SIR,—Mr. Hutchinson's article, in which he suggests that ladies would drive further down wind by the use of a higher tee, opens the door to much interesting discussion. Perhaps not the least instructive point is that, whatever the camera may say in the matter, it is Miss Ravenscroft who is the long hitter against the wind, while Miss Cecil Leitch shows to the greater advantage down wind. This was noticeable in the memorable semi-final of the championship between these two players at Turnberry in May. Against the wind Miss Ravenscroft, when both had seemingly hit of their best, was quite twenty yards ahead of her opponent, whereas down wind positions were reversed. While the photograph of the champion lady certainly shows that she has the courage to use a tee of which the dimensions are usually connected with the ranks of dufferdom, it also reveals the fact that Miss Ravenscroft stands unusually far in front of the ball, thereby imparting top spin and all those desirable attributes of low trajectory about which we hear so much in these scientific days. Herein, if criticism may be permitted, lies the root of the matter, rather than in the mere quantity of sand on which the ladies tee their ball for the down-wind drive. Ladies, on the whole, stand more in front of the ball, and with their feet much squarer to the line of flight than do the men. The best ladies almost universally turn the left toe inwards rather than outwards for wooden club shots, and Miss Leitch is practically the only lady in the first rank who employs the open stance. A pronouncedly open stance naturally puts loft upon the shot, because it removes the left shoulder from the business in hand, and it is the left shoulder which imparts top spin when near the ball at the moment of impact. The more open the stance, the more dominating are the right shoulder and wrist, and it is these which impart loft. The left shoulder gives run, and it is the left shoulder which appears to be the ruling factor in the swing of a lady. This stance and swing, however, runs the risk of producing the fault of coming through too soon, and with a strong wind at her back this fate is very likely to overtake the player. If the ball is hit, as most ladies habitually hit it, with the club head descending and the weight coming on to the left foot at the exact moment of impact, it is impossible to hit the high ball which will take full advantage of a following wind. To hit a high ball it is surely necessary that the club should be at the beginning of the upward journey, and this is only possible if the player is standing well behind the ball, with the weight kept on to the right foot, and the moment of impact delayed as long as possible. Another reason which makes the ladies comparatively stronger against the wind than with it is that the majority of them use distinctly flat swings. Mrs. Kennon has perhaps the most upright swing of any champion of the last ten years, and it is noticeable that she gets a long ball down wind, but a short one when the wind has to be faced. So while fully appreciating Mr. Hutchinson's admirable advice on scorning the false pride which avoids a high tee, I would venture to suggest that the real need for reform lies in matters of stance and timing, and, above all, in giving due thought to the subject. Miss Leitch sets us an admirable example in this way. She has a reason and an object for her method of playing every shot to suit the exigencies of the moment, and when she fails it is not for lack of forethought; if every lady golfer realised that the ball can seldom be hit twice alike, this matter of weak driving down-wind would be on the road to remedy.—ELEANOR E. HELME.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF A TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps you can decide a point about which a controversy has arisen here. The river here connects the fresh-water loch with the sea. The river is approximately one and a-quarter miles long; the tide reaches two-thirds of the distance. Within the tidal reach an angler hooked and killed a fish which weighed on the bank seven and a-quarter pounds. The question is, What species of fish is it? Salmon, sea-trout or brown trout? I enclose a tracing showing the outline. You will see a shapely, well-proportioned fish; head small, body full. The medial line is absent; the tail is square, or slightly fanned; the lower jaw is hooked; the body is heavily spotted, dark irregular spots, very numerous; no red spot visible. The puzzling features are: (a) Absence of medial line; (b) the shape of the tail, "fanned" rather than square, the opposite of "concave"; (c) the number of the scales counted between the adipose fin and where the medial line ought to be, thirteen. I have caught brown trout in the tidal water, completely silvered; it is quite common to get brown trout in the sea pools. The gillies here contend that the fish is a brown trout. One of them hesitates between Fario and Salmo trutta. I think the fish is a young cock salmon. The tracing is very rough, but I hope you will find it legible.—FEROX, Sutherlandshire.

[Mr. Boulenger, to whom "Ferox's" sketch and notes have been submitted, has little hesitation in pronouncing the fish to be a male brown trout, such as have been described from Scotland and elsewhere as estuary trout. "The form of the tail-fin, with its convex border, supports that view, as a sea-trout of that size would have a squarely truncate fin. In a small salmon the fin is always slightly emarginate; besides, a salmon would have a longer and more slender caudal peduncle (the free part of the tail between the fins). Thirteen scales between the adipose fin and the lateral line is not against its being a brown trout, although such a low number is rather unusual. It is frequently found, and was even thought to be characteristic of the estuarial trout of the Orkneys, which has been called *Salmo oreadenis*; but I have already pointed out that the number varies from thirteen to fifteen in specimens from Loch Stennis."—ED.]

DESTRUCTION OF FLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The correspondent who asked last week for information upon fly-traps may be glad to know of a method of destruction practised in America. The ordinary trap is a disgusting-looking thing, and many of us would tolerate the

evil rather than put up with it. In a recent number of the American scientific journal, *Economic Entomology*, Mr. R. I. Smith of the North Carolina Experiment Station made the following recommendation: Take one ounce (two table-spoonfuls) of forty per cent. formalin and sixteen ounces (one pint) of equal parts milk and water. Expose in shallow plates, and if you would make it more effectual, put a piece of bread in the centre of each as a decoy. Mr. Smith tells of a test made in a large calf barn which was infested with flies. At noon one day six plates were placed in a passage-way six feet by thirty feet, and allowed to remain until eight o'clock next morning. The dead flies swept up in the passage measured three quarts, and half as many again are thought to have perished in the stalls on each side. On the whole, it is estimated that in these few hours between forty and fifty thousand flies had been destroyed.—A. C. S.

HOW TO GET RID OF A ROOKERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This is a question that has very often been asked through the Press, but one to which a satisfactory solution has seldom been arrived at. Many nostrums have been recommended and tried, generally only to prove failures, or at best very partial, and often only temporary successes. Shooting the birds in spring, pulling out their nests as soon as built, lighting fires beneath the trees and so forth are all laborious methods, and often, from various circumstances, objectionable or impracticable. An old friend of mine, many years ago gamekeeper to Lord Ravensworth at Ravensworth Castle, effectually banished the rooks, which were encroaching upon a heronry, by a very simple device, which, perhaps, your correspondent might try. Acting upon his own observation of the great dislike rooks show to all such creatures, this man obtained as many dead stoats as he could and had them placed—one in each nest—in the most conspicuous of the rooks' nests, with the result that the rooks very soon entirely deserted the place, while the less observant (or shall we say wiser?) herons remained undisturbed, even though some of the nests containing stoats were in fairly close proximity to their own. These stoats were simply laid dead on the nests. Perhaps if they were stuffed or set up in life-like attitude they might be even better, and would last longer, although in the case above referred to, the exposure of a few of their bodies, obviously dead, had all the effect that was required. Weasels, of course, would do equally as well as stoats, and so, probably, would foxes, or cats—sometimes more easily obtained.—GEORGE BOLAM.

TENT PHOTOGRAPHERS AND GULLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As one who has practised bird-photography perhaps longer than anyone else in England, maybe you will allow me to reply to Mr. Robinson's strictures against tent-work. I have never yet known a bird desert its nest on account of a tent having been erected for photographic purposes, and without doubt the use of a tent is, generally speaking, the best way to secure photographs. The actions of birds with respect to it vary considerably; some individuals return almost at once to the nest, others take a longer time to get used to the tent, but all return sooner or later and, as a rule, quickly become reconciled to its presence. I remember once photographing common terns at Ravenglass. One

gull—all the birds were incubating. After the tent was fixed and the photographer inside, the birds speedily returned. Now, at the best of times, Sandwich terns are much more uneasy and more easily alarmed than the other species of terns; they are continually up and down off their nests, for no purpose whatever, and in this case they followed their usual habits. A black-headed gull came on the scene and made an onslaught upon one particular nest which contained one egg. He, however, went about the business in a very half-hearted manner; he seemed as if he wished to take the egg, but did not know how to go about it. Repeatedly he made dabs at it, but without doing any damage. It looked a case of the "spirit being willing, but the flesh weak." He returned time after time, always to the same egg, but eventually seemed to give it up as a bad job. Now, when we left, all the eggs were all right, and we watched the birds from a distance with our glasses, settle down again on them. Next morning there was



THE THIEF.

not a single egg of either tern or gull, and it is a mystery to me what became of them. I do not think human agency caused their disappearance, because a valuable camera was left quite close to the nests, and no doubt it would have been taken if some prowler had been annexing the eggs. If the gulls had taken the terns' eggs they would hardly have taken those of their own species. I fancy that those universal pests, rats, were the culprits, and no doubt many eggs and young disappear through their agency. One would not be surprised if the gulls did develop a taste for eggs, for they have increased so enormously in this district not only at Ravenglass, where they are in thousands over a considerable area, but in many other parts of the Cumberland and Lancashire coasts. Take the enormous colony at Ravenglass; it must be a matter of some difficulty for them to procure food, and they cannot fly very far without encroaching into the district of some other colony. There is reason in all things, and I certainly think these gulls are being allowed to increase out of all reason on this portion of the West Coast, and the natural result of this superabundance must cause them to develop habits not characteristic of them.—R. FORTUNE.

POLO-BRED PONIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A polo-bred pony is by a polo pony stallion out of a polo-playing mare." This is Mr. Schwind's own definition as well as that of the Polo and Riding Pony Society, and represents the practice of the leading breeders of polo ponies at the present time. Mr. Schwind would not, I think, object to the further condition that a pony polo stallion should be registered in the Polo and Riding Pony Society's Stud Book. This definition represents the practice (not theory) of many years. Like many other successful practices it was originally based on theory, which has, as we think, now been sufficiently tested by practice to be regarded as an established principle of polo-pony-breeding. In order to obtain a first-rate polo pony we need certain qualities of make, shape and substance, as well as the power, will and courage to gallop. But temperament is an equally important matter from the breeder's point of view, some ponies with the right temperament for polo are easier to train for the game, and more efficient when trained than ponies not so bred. On this point we have the evidence alike of English and Argentine trainers of polo ponies. There is also a list of ponies so bred published at 12, Hanover Square, which contains the names of many ponies well known in first-class polo. I do not remember ever picking out a pony that played well merely on that account and calling it a polo-bred pony. In every case I have had the pedigree before me. I should not call such ponies, for example, as Buckingham Blue Blood, Maystar, Mademoiselle or Velocity polo bred, yet they were excellent ponies in the game and successful in the show ring. But Buckingham's produce are certainly polo bred, for she is a registered polo-playing brood mare. A polo pony stallion must be not over fifteen hands and passed as suitable for getting polo ponies. How far does



THE PARENT BIRDS.

bird I wished to secure with the wings upraised as it landed by the nest; but I had great difficulty in inducing it to leave her eggs. I shouted and made various noises, cut a hole in the tent and put out my hand, waved it, without her being alarmed, then put my head out and shouted, still without result, and, finally, shook my focussing-cloth at her. This induced her to leave the eggs; but she was back again in two minutes, when I was able to obtain what I wanted. Birds usually very quickly accustom themselves to the tent and take very little notice of it. I cannot therefore think that it is the use of the tent which accounts for the disappearance of the eggs at Ravenglass, and in confirmation of this I may relate an incident which occurred to me there, one which I have mentioned to friends several times. A small group of Sandwich terns were nesting among some black-headed gulls. The tent was erected to command the terns' nests; but at the side, and quite close behind, were some nests of the black-headed

this definition apply to Argentine ponies? Well, evidently in many cases it does, for a large number of polo stallions have been exported to Argentina, *e.g.*, Combination, Spy Boy, Maréchal Niel, Belsire and others whose names I have not at hand, as I am at present away from home and my books. I am informed, on the authority of a breeder of polo ponies in the Argentine, that the native mares gallop well and take to the game, and that such mares as have played polo or their direct descendants are the best to breed from. Ponies so bred are, to all intents and purposes, polo bred, and could and would be registered in our Stud Books. I have not contended that all polo-bred ponies make good polo ponies, but then we know that misfits are the common lot of horse-breeders. There are many thorough-breds that are not race-horses, many foals out of hunter mares by King's Premium sires that are not hunters, and doubtless many polo-bred ponies that are not tournament ponies. We do find, however, that in breeding polo ponies there are fewer misfits than in almost any other established breed. There is another point in common between the English and Argentine polo-bred ponies on which as regards the latter Mr. Schwind has himself laid stress—the vigorous strains of blood derived from ancestors that have been leading “for many generations a wild life.” Many of us attribute the excellence of our polo ponies in part to their derivation, sometimes on one and sometimes on both sides, from our semiferar breeds of mountain and moorland ponies.—X.



AN ANCIENT TIMEPIECE.

THE SHEPHERD'S RING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send a photograph of this ancient timepiece in my possession. It is made of copper, and is one and a-half inches in diameter and three-eighths of an inch wide. The letters engraved on the near side stand for the summer months, those on the off side for the winter months, and the figures on the inner side for the hours of sunlight. It is a portable sun-dial and tells the time accurately. Tradition has it that this is the description of dial which Touchstone

drew from his poke in the Forest of Arden.—H. T. BARKER.

[If the timepiece on which Touchstone looked with lack-lustre eye “Thus we may see, quoth he, how the world wags,” were a ring-dial, Jaques’ reference to it introduced it to English literature. Lydgate wrote in 1430 of a dial in his “Chronicle of Troy,” but that was probably a fixed sun-dial. We do not hear specifically of a ring-dial until 1667, but it is hard to see what other timepiece could have moved the jester to his moralising:

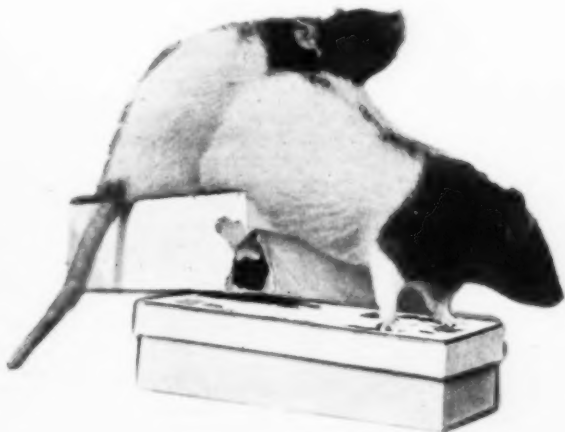
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot
And thereby hangs a tale.

—ED.]

BLACK RATS AND BROWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF “COUNTRY LIFE.”]

SIR,—I am sorry to again trouble you on the matter of rats, but a sentence in the most interesting and informing note you appended to my letter in *COUNTRY*



BLACK AND WHITE.

LIFE for last week particularly struck me. It was to the effect that tame “black and white” rats invariably belong to the old English species (*M. rattus*), not to the common brown sort. The question that at once arose in my mind was whether pied varieties of *M. decumanus* are not sometimes kept as pets. The only black and white rats I have had to do with certainly belonged to the latter species. Their large size, small ears and short tails, even the carriage of their bodies, all bespoke the brown rat, though, as far as colour went, they were a good black and a clean white, yet “black rats” they most assuredly were not. The two I am writing of belonged to my brother, who named them Aaron and Moses, and made great pets of them. They were charming creatures with us, but had frequent quarrels, during which they bit each other’s tails, so that these useful organs became much reduced in length. The enclosed photograph is

not a particularly good one, but it is the only one I have that clearly shows their characteristics, and as such you may consider it worth reproducing. It would be most interesting to hear from any readers of this paper who keep tame rats what species their pets belong to.—FRANCES PITT.

[We stated in a previous issue that the white rat beloved by schoolboys is a variety of *M. rattus*, the black rat; but the brown rat is also often tamed, and can be taught to show a considerable degree of discipline and obedience to command, as well as a considerable aptitude for performing tricks. This last characteristic explains the fact that rats often form part of the stock-in-trade of the Continental mountebank.—ED.]

AN INIGO JONES MILL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Just off the Fosse Way at Chesterton in Warwickshire is a remarkable old windmill which I hope will be enrolled as an “ancient monument,” carefully restored and so saved from falling into ruins. It is substantially built of local stone, the superstructure supported on six semi-circular arches. It was designed by Inigo Jones and erected by Sir Edward Peyto in the year 1632. It would be interesting to know whether this windmill is unique. In the course of my travels through the shires I have never come across so striking a specimen of utilitarian architecture as the old mill at Chesterton.—W. O. KINGHAM.



THE ARCHED WINDMILL.

MEDIAEVAL CHALICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF “COUNTRY LIFE.”]

SIR,—Through the courtesy of the Rev. E. B. Hare I am able to send you a photograph of a mediæval chalice belonging to St. Mary’s Church, Goathland, Yorkshire. The height is 5½ in., the diameter of bowl 4½ in., and the measurement of the base 4½ in. by 3½ in. It is of silver with parcel gilding, and in several respects this character is unique. The bowl is shallow and conical, and unlike any late examples. It may best be compared with fourteenth-century chalices at York Minster and Harnstall Ridware. The stem is hexagonal but unusually massive, while the knot, also six sided, is perfectly plain. The foot is mullet shaped with blunted points and a double band of cross-beading on its vertical edge. It is a peculiarity of this chalice that the spread of the foot commences just below the knot instead of at the base of the stem. The device in the front compartment is the monogram, “I H S,” a rare one on existing chalices, that at Combe Pyrn being the only other known English example. The gilding appears inside the bowl and round the rim, on the knot, on the compartment with “I H S,” and on the mouldings of the foot. In the absence of hall-marks

it is difficult to speak with any degree of certainty as to the date, but the general form suggests a very early one and certainly anterior to 1450. I may add that for some years the chalice was missing from Goathland. It was eventually found exposed for sale in a dealer’s window in Cumberland. The photograph I send is one I took when it was first recovered; it has since been straightened and properly mended. The photograph shows the clumsy way the village blacksmith had repaired it.—F. M. SUTCLIFFE.



CHALICE IN SILVER PARCEL GILT.

WILD CYCLAMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder how many of your readers, who have, doubtless, often admired the beauties of our cultivated varieties of cyclamen, are aware of the origin of its name, and of the ingenious method by which its seed is protected when it grows in its wild state. I send you a photograph of a wild plant taken on a mountain-side in Corsica. This lovely flower is common throughout the island, and in the flowering season its brilliant blossoms deck the banks and glow in many a shady nook, while even when the flowers are absent its finely-shaped and handsomely-variegated leaves lend an added charm to mountain and dell. If we examine the plant closely at this time, and carefully pull away the grass from between the leaf-stalks, we shall discover an extremely interesting arrangement which the plant has adopted for the protection of its seed vessels. The flower is borne on a stalk which stands several inches high; but the seed takes a considerable time to ripen, and during that period the somewhat brittle stalk would be liable to be broken or bitten off by sheep, goats, or other animals. To guard against this, as soon as the flower fades, the seed-stalk is retracted and coiled upon itself close to the ground among the grass, the seed vessels being snugly tucked away in the centre of the coil (as shown in the photograph), and in this more secure position the seed is ripened. It is owing to this interesting habit that the plant gets its name cyclamen, from the Greek "cyclos," or "kuklos"—a circle, in allusion to the spirally-coiled seed-stalks. The tuberous and fleshy roots are of a somewhat acrid nature, but, nevertheless, they are greedily sought after by swine, whence come the names *Pain Porcino*, *Pain de Porceau* and the English name Sowbread.—ALFRED BLACKIE.



CORSIKAN WILD CYCLAMEN.

to goo, come, Rydc, carye, leade, dryve, passe and repasse to and from the Kinges highwaye over and by the East parte of a peece of lande called Smyth Crofte nowe of Robert Pemyll." To the inly occupier belongs the "right" to deviate round the soil subsidence or other such obstacle, so equally the outlying owner or tenant belongs, I venture to submit, the "right" to appoint (subject to alteration at pleasure) the track, provided such track is "reasonable."—F. LAMBARDE.

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to submit to you the enclosed photograph showing the effects of lightning on a tree. Some of the persons whom I asked to stand underneath a day or two after the storm saw the occurrence. The old lady has some of the *débris* in her arms. When the tree was struck it appeared to burst into a thousand sparks. Dozens of pieces of bark and wood were thrown in all directions, one piece of wood measuring nine feet being thrown a distance of one hundred and twenty feet. The picture shows where the tree was stripped. It was in Charlton Park, Captain Tattersall's, four miles from Canterbury.—J. H. HEWLETT.



TREE STRIPPED BY LIGHTNING.

MEANING OF "RIGHT OF WAY."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the query, and your reply thereto, as to the precise meaning of a "right of way" in your issue of August 10th, it may be of interest to note the expression of such "right" in times past. I quote the following from a terrier of the Manor of Colbredge in Boughton Malherbe in Kent, taken in 1558: "Owte of, to, and from the peece of lande aforesaid called Byrchecrofte the Lorde, owner, and fermoure of the same peece of lande nowe have and of right at all tymes oughte to have a reasonable and convenyente waye

a whole. 5. *Patwari* Rate (1). This is the amount which was formerly payable to Government on account of the village accountant. It has since been abolished. 6. *Tolai* (2). Weighman's dues. 7. *Rakhwari* (4). The due paid to the bailiff who watches the crop on behalf of the landlord. 8. *Bisarwari* (4). The due of the village watchman. 9. *Anjuri*. A number of handfuls prescribed by custom are taken from the main heap by the tenant. The heap belongs to the gods and the village priests. 10. *Mazduri* (15). Reapers' wages. An intermediate stage between the division of grain on the threshing-floor and payment of cash rents is furnished by the custom in accordance with which the out-turn of the standing crop is estimated in the field when it is ready for harvest. The landlord's share thus calculated is either paid in grain or valued at current prices and paid in cash. It is obvious that both methods lend themselves to endless speculation, as a landlord cannot be everywhere on a large estate, and his agents are, as a rule, underpaid and untrustworthy. This fact is embodied in the pithy proverb of the country-side:

"Batai lootai,
Kankoot jhoot."

Which may be roughly translated:

"In sharing grain thieves reign,
In valuers' work lies lurk."

It must not be imagined that a grain-crusher is a common object on an Indian farm. The background of the picture is probably a neglected corner of the taluqdar's farmyard. He was not a model landlord.—H. W. PINE.



1 2 4 5 3 6 7 8 9 10
THE HEAPS CORRESPOND TO THE VARIOUS DUES TO BE PAID OUT OF THE CROP.